

Good heavens! A sex camp in Cape Breton

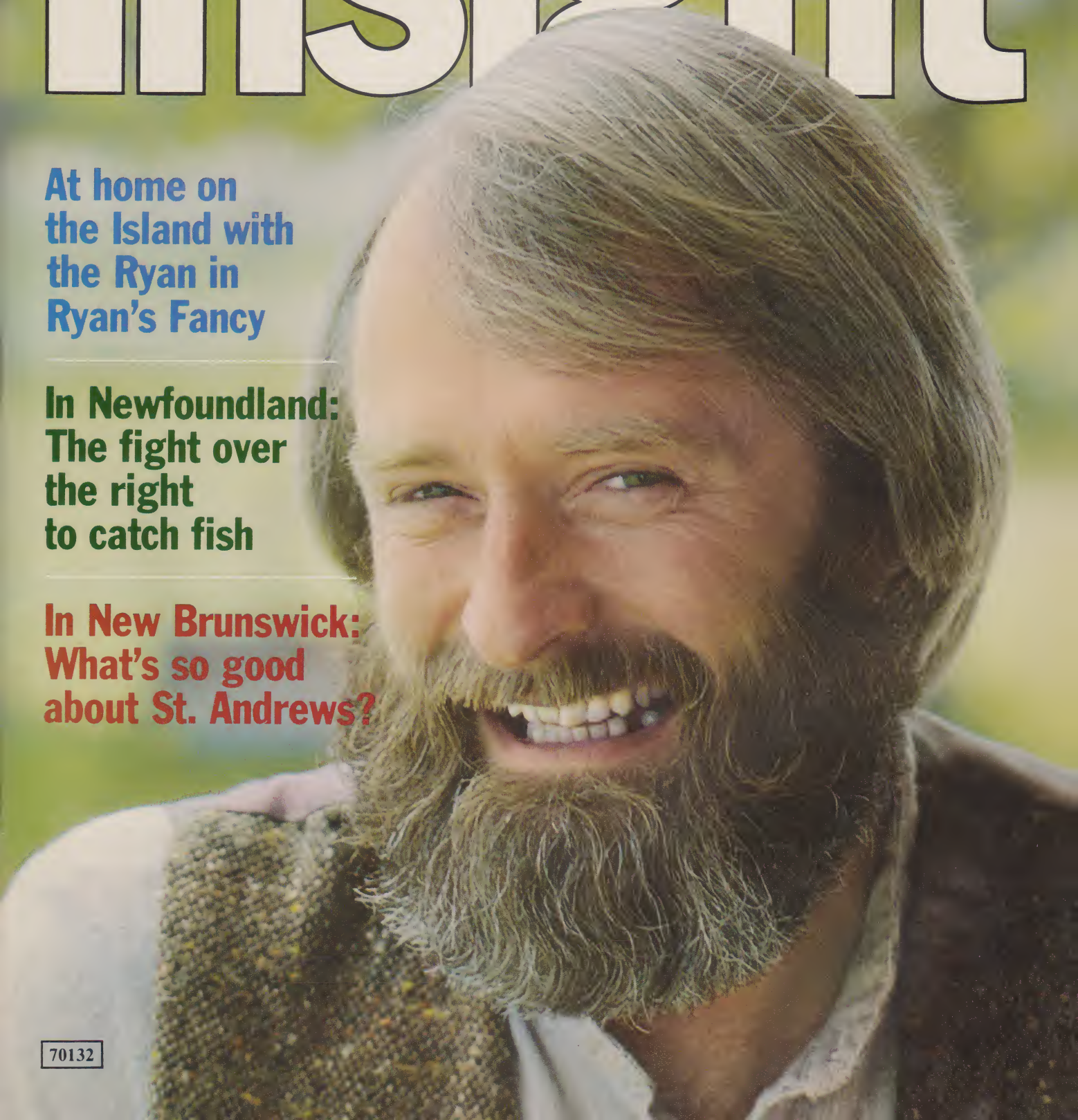
Atlantic **Insight**

AUGUST 1980, \$1.50

**At home on
the Island with
the Ryan in
Ryan's Fancy**

**In Newfoundland:
The fight over
the right
to catch fish**

**In New Brunswick:
What's so good
about St. Andrews?**



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Atlantic Insight

June 1980, Vol. 2 No. 7



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Cover Story: Denis Ryan of Ryan's Fancy has good friends, good neighbors and a good life on the Island. Wherever he goes, he says, he'll always return

COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID NICHOLS



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Travel: Award-winning essayist Kildare Dobbs goes home to Western Ireland, finds "the wildest landscapes teem with writers, potters and retired gin-and-tonics, many of them English or foreign (the last category including Dubliners)"



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Small Towns: St. Andrews, N.B., has a way of getting right inside you. A resident says, "One fellow gets so homesick he'll call once every three months and talk. Three-quarters of an hour! Even though he's not here in body, he's here in spirit"



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Food: Hungry? Have some goose-tongue. Glasswort's a treat, too. But they're only two of dozens of edible plants that grow wild all over Atlantic Canada. They're yours for the picking



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Feedback

More on maples

While I have some sympathy for Eldon Wright in his fight against expropriation of part of his land (*Power Company Meets Maples. Trees Lose*, June), a study of the evidence and of the judgment handed down would have assisted the writer to give a more balanced and accurate account. In the judgment, Chief Justice John P. Nicholson states: "The respondents allege that the 12 acres has a special value to them because of their intention to establish a maple sugar business on the property. It is clear to me that the respondents had no such serious intention prior to March 1979; otherwise they would not have instructed Mr. Scales [Mr. Wright's attorney at the time] to accept \$150 an acre, plus \$1,000 an acre for clearing the land, on March 14, 1979."

In our sympathy for the maple trees, we seem to have forgotten that the construction of this line was not being done for the benefit of Maritime Electric, but for the purpose of bringing efficient power to the people of P.E.I. I suggest that it is only after it is proven that an action is for the good of the public as a whole that the rights of an individual can be overruled, and I suggest that this is what has happened in this case.

Alan H. Holman
Board of Directors,
Maritime Electric Ltd.
Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Remembering the bay

A special thank you to Parker Barss Donham for his delightful article, *Bay St. Lawrence* (June). Writing such as that along with superb pictures of familiar and inviting scenery can very often bring a tug to the old heart strings. *Atlantic Insight* is as pleasing and enjoyable as the four provinces it is all about.

Rose Burton
Ingonish, N.S.

Law's different in N.S.

The impression left by Elaine Zimbel's article, *The Law That Cancelled Marianne's Motherhood* (April), as it relates to the law of adoption in Nova Scotia is grossly misleading. Ms. Zimbel is correct in stating that the court here has the power to dispense with the consent of a parent who is "divorced and neither has custody nor is contributing to the support of the child at the time of the application," but the qualifications for permitting the dispensation of consent do not end



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Feedback

there. The court must be satisfied that it is in the best interest of the child to be adopted, that a parent's consent be dispensed with.

What is inexcusable is that by inclusion of a reference to Nova Scotia in the headline indicating that Nova Scotia has legislation similar to Prince Edward Island, one may draw the conclusion that a Nova Scotia court might similarly have granted an adoption order without prior notice to the mother. Nothing could be further from the truth. Our adoption law requires that at least one month's written notice of the time and place of the adoption hearing be given to any person whose consent is sought to be dispensed with. Where a parent cannot be found, the court must give its direction as to some other attempt to be made to locate the parent. The court requires that every reasonable attempt be made to locate a parent before it will proceed to dispense with that parent's consent.

*Laird Stirling,
Minister of Social Services
Halifax, N.S.*

What's the point?

Marilyn MacDonald's May column (*Daily Smile: Daily Rage*) was confusing and flippant and what was her final point about humor at another's expense? She made no distinction between jokes that only maintain sexist or racist attitudes and jokes that parody such attitudes. I sometimes wonder where Ms. MacDonald finds the time to write her column. Perhaps she writes at a time many of us take to read magazines. In any case, the ad next to her June column *For Women (At Last) Muscles Are In* was appropriately placed. That column lacked content but was coherent at least. Unless Ms. MacDonald can find the time to put a little more thought into her column, I suggest *Insight* would be a better magazine without it.

*Sheena Masson
Stewiacke, N.S.*

Several comments have arisen via the media regarding the *Daily Smile* in *The Chronicle-Herald*. In your May issue Marilyn MacDonald seems to have got to the heart of the matter. Any person who finds the *Daily Smile* anything but amusing trivia are either paranoid or they have no sense of humor. Marilyn obviously has a great sense of humor.

*J. Wright
Halifax, N.S.*

Kudos

I would just like to take this opportunity to congratulate the editor and his

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Feedback

staff on the publication of *Atlantic Insight*. It was sent to me as a gift and I am truly enjoying it. As a person who was raised and educated in Halifax and now spending a couple of years working in Africa, I find your magazine a really needed link with Canada, especially Atlantic Canada. I look forward to each issue. Keep up the good work.

Brian G. Beckett
Mzumbe, Tanzania

Healthy horses die too

I was shocked to read *They Eat Horses, Don't They?* (June). I have long been opposed to selling horses for meat, except if they are too old or sick for anything else. What is happening in Newfoundland is truly a crime. The ponies are part of Newfoundland's heritage and it's terrible to see them shipped off to Quebec. Perhaps the abattoir is the most humane thing for old horses, but many times the trucks headed for Quebec are full of healthy horses. I lived close to the Arnold Abattoir in Grenville, Que., and have seen some of the horses there. In fact, a friend of mine bought a quarter horse gelding from the abattoir for \$150—all the horse had was a cold. It would have been a sin if he had ended up on a plate in some fancy Montreal restaurant.

Heather DeLong
Shubenacadie, N.S.

Did he or didn't he?

Shirley Elliott's *Nova Scotia Book of Days* (Folks, June) certainly appears to be a monumental work. I hope the last 999 entries are more accurate than the first one, which claims that John Cabot planted a flag on Cape Breton soil. There is no evidence that either John or Sebastian Cabot did any more than sail in these waters. We may assume they landed somewhere but if so it could have been anywhere from Labrador to Maine.

W. Summers
Portugal Cove, Nfld.

Whoops

As a temporarily transplanted Maritimer, I find myself eagerly awaiting the arrival of your magazine each month for some of the latest from "down home." However, your May issue confirmed what I have come to regard as an axiom of journalism: Whenever the media deal with a subject I know anything about, they invariably screw it up in some way. May I bring to your attention the picture of Hank Snow on page one? It is backwards, as the barely visible top of the "S" in "WSM Grand Ole Opry" attests. Talented as the man certainly is, he is not an ambidextrous guitar player.

Porter Scobey
Montreal, Que.

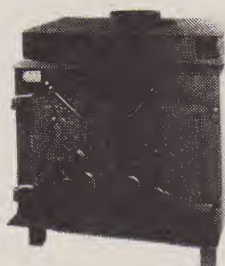
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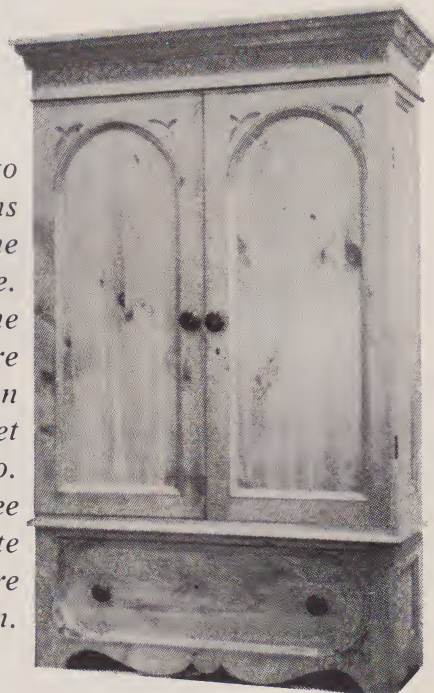
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Editor's Letter

It's summertime: See Atlantic Canada first

All through the night, heavy rain drummed the roof and lashed the windows but, in the morning, the sun was a golden ball, the sky was a pure blue bowl, and the air smelled impossibly clean, and a big, fresh breeze sprang out of the northwest. It tossed the tops of the little birches as though they were cheerleaders' pom-poms, made the old firs creak and the whole wide bay dance to its tune. Our cottage is only 24 miles from the Canso causeway (see Flashback, page 45), but we hadn't been up the west coast of Cape Breton for six years and, since the day that had just dawned promised perfect down-east weather, we piled into the car, stuffed ourselves with fishcakes, sausages and bran muffins at a Port Hawkesbury motel, plunged north on Highway 19.

Off to our right, the Creignish Hills slept like an old dog in the morning sunlight and, on our left, St. Georges Bay furiously pranced. The bay's anger was gorgeous. It bared its teeth, thousands of them. Except for the foaming whitecaps, the sea was navy blue but near the shore it was full of red sand. At one spot, the road was so low and those red rollers so high we thought they'd sweep right over the car, and the kids squealed.

After Port Hood (see Transportation, page 48), we chose a dirt road that climbed higher and hugged the coast. Around Colindale, the sloping fields of beautiful farms ended at cliffs that dropped to the sea. The sea kept right on raging but we lost it for a while. The road took us inland, along the southern side of Mabou harbor; and, simply because the countryside exuded a powerful Scottish charm, we then drove back out along the north side on a road that dead-ends at the ocean. Here, the long grass had the shiny, strokable look of a healthy animal's pelt, and down at the foot of the red cliffs—where massive waves tangled with one another and then bashed the soft land—hundreds of black and white gulls calmly bobbed about with all their faces turned toward the wind. Like boats at anchor.

We also followed one of those dirt roads that gets skinnier and trickier

with every mile. It runs north from a spot just south of Inverness to Sight Point, and it took us through lush, dark forests (surely full of bears), over babbling brooks and out around coastal curves that seemed almost to dangle us over the sea. We didn't go all the way out to the so-called "sex camp" (see Nova Scotia, page 14), but the drive was memorable anyway. After that, we followed Lake Ainslie down to Bras d'Or Lake, and even these inland waters swarmed with whitecaps. On a beach at Marble Mountain—it's on West Bay, Bras d'Or—we downed bread, cheese, apples (and, in my case, two beers), and swam for a while. Marble Mountain's on a good dirt road. It overlooks a sprinkling of islands, and it is now high on my list of little-known spots of breath-taking prettiness in Atlantic Canada.

The next day the weather gave us an encore and, this time, we explored one of the most remote corners of Nova Scotia—the eastern shore between Canso and Sherbrooke—and found sweet coves we'd never seen before, the kind of beach you dream about, and a terrific ferry ride (for 50 cents a car) across the fiord-like Country Harbour Bay. Always, we were off the beaten tourism track, and I know that—in Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick and Newfoundland and Labrador—there are fabulous stretches of coast that I'll never live long enough to see. In July, August and September, people who choose to leave Atlantic Canada for sightseeing trips elsewhere should probably have their heads read.

In our first-anniversary issue last April, we asked readers to nominate men and women as "Atlantic Canadian of the Year." The person who wound up with more votes than anyone else was Harvey Webber, Sydney merchant and founder of Atlantic Canada Plus. Congratulations, Harvey.

Harry Bruce



The Region



What'll you do if they drop The Bomb?

Probably you don't know. In the Fifties, civil defence was on everyone's mind. Now, Canada has the worst capability in the Western Alliance. Things are specially bad down east. Worried?

Drop The Bomb in conversation these days and someone will probably ask, "What bomb?" Throughout the Cold War Fifties and early Sixties air-raid drills and handbooks on evacuation were mandatory for the nuclear holocaust-obsessed. Civil defence agencies flourished. Now the agencies have bombed out. Stripped of real authority, they're reduced to planning for natural disasters on cut-back budgets—and the inadequacy of their civil defence planning has some officials worried.

Civil defence is now the lowest priority of emergency measures organizations. It's well behind preparation for such disasters as large-scale fires, floods or toxic chemical explosions. In 1977, Emergency Planning Canada (EPC), the federal co-ordination group, rated Canada with the most deficient civil defence capabilities in the Western Alliance.

So who cares? So far, not many

people in the Atlantic provinces. But international events could bring changes in attitude. The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, American reluctance to ratify the second Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty and what Dr. Michael McGuire, senior fellow of the Brookings Institution, Washington, D.C., calls "mindless anti-Sovietism" are reviving old fears. EPC staff in Canada's western provinces noted the change early this year when people began phoning local emergency planning agencies for copies of *11 Steps to Survival*, the standard manual on living through a nuclear war.

EPC's budget for 1980-81 is just over \$9 million out of a total Defence Department expenditure of \$4 billion. In contrast, the Soviet Union has spent about \$65 billion in the last decade fortifying its comprehensive program of protecting people, industry and government against nuclear attack. EPC has no money to spend on capital

At Debert, N.S., bosses' bunker

acquisitions or new projects. They're left to other departments charged with aspects of civil defence: Public Works, Health and Welfare.

EPC thinks the situation in Atlantic Canada is especially serious. In the Fifties, the Diefenbaker government began Operation Bridge, a project designed to construct underground shelters from which war-besieged governments could provide leadership for civilians tuned in on portable radios in their fall-out shelters. A master underground bunker for 400 federal leaders, advisers and military personnel was carved out in Carp, 40 km west of Ottawa. It was to be connected with regional emergency government headquarters in the provinces. But in Atlantic Canada only one got built (at Debert, N.S.) before the money ran out. Governments in other provinces are supposed to huddle in the basements of federal buildings: The Sir Humphrey Gilbert Building in St. John's, the Dominion Building in Charlottetown, the Federal Building in Fredericton.

None of the Atlantic government quarters is ready for war use. Bringing them up to standard would require anywhere from a half-hour at Debert, to hook up communications lines, to three months for major additions at Charlottetown. Atlantic provinces EPC directors say even if the shelters were ready, it's doubtful the chosen officials

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The Region

who are supposed to be in them know where they are. Yet, in an emergency, these officials are expected to make their own way to the bunker sites.

F.J. Blackwell, Nova Scotia's EPC director, describes the Debert bunker, 112 km north of Halifax, as "essentially two storeys below ground, although one is at ground level. It's a man-made hillock." Inside are facilities to accommodate 300 federal and provincial officials for up to 14 days. There are self-contained heating and ventilation systems, satellite meteorological facili-

ties, eating, sleeping, working and medical space. Military communications personnel currently staff the quarters.

New Brunswick's EPC director Malcolm Turner says the Fredericton government shelter is "lousy." The space needs work to be made livable and, he says, "certain elements have not been provided for." Among them, according to another source, is a provincial warning system, the siren and meteorological apparatus to monitor and signal the amount and range of

radioactive fall-out. That's in Gagetown. "To be of any use," one observer says, "they've either got to move the communications to Fredericton or relocate the shelter in Gagetown."

Charlottetown's interim headquarters "needs a lot of shielding and a lot of work to bring it up to operational standards," says J.E. Ayers, EPC director for the Island. Part of the shelter has basement windows. There are no kitchen or toilet facilities nor any decontamination chamber. Ayers says officials "might just as well board up their windows with thick cement and sit in their offices." In St. John's, David Snow is trying to get the CBC to install communications equipment in the government shelter. Newfoundland's shelter has no warning centre. It's on the other side of the city. "There's plenty of work to be done here," Snow says.

There are only three zonal shelters in the Atlantic region and all are in Nova Scotia: Kentville, Truro and Sydney. They provide offices for EPC's provincial counterpart, the Emergency Measures Organization.

No municipalities in the region have set up bunkers, though some, like Summerside, P.E.I., have shelter space allocated, but not outfitted.

For those who aren't designated officials, finding fall-out shelter space is even tougher. All four provinces used federal Public Works assistance to survey potential public shelters. But there's no mechanism for updating reports as new construction goes up and old structures come down. Owners of the buildings don't know they've been tabbed. There are no plans or money to mark the sites, improve fall-out protection or provide power supplies, ventilation or sanitation.

As for shelters in private homes, Malcolm Turner says, "I know one person who has one, but he built it a long time ago. You would have to search far and wide afield today to find individuals with their own shelters." Unlike countries such as Switzerland, Canada has never incorporated requirements for fall-out shelters in building codes.

The national survival warning system, operated by the Defence Depart-



EPC's Blackwell

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ment, hasn't been audibly tested since 1968, though silent testing occurs every two months. Many new subdivisions are probably beyond reach of existing alarms. In Newfoundland, the system is in particularly bad repair. David Snow says that of 70 operational alarms in the province, less than 50% could be heard in an attack. Telephone lines joining the regional government headquarters with CBC transmitters have been disconnected: No money.

Then there are the emergency medical facilities. In the Fifties the feds supplied advanced medical treatment centres, portable hospitals and packs for provincial storage, including blood units. Today, Ronald Coell of Nova Scotia's EMO says, "a lot of the equipment is so old most of the doctors today wouldn't know what it was for." The federal government designed, sterilized and hermetically sealed the portable hospitals in packages 25 years ago. They're re-examining the contents.

Officials apparently believe there'll be enough time during a buildup of world tensions to get survival information to the public and make contingency plans right up to when The Bomb drops. Nobody's figuring on a sneak attack. "It's considered virtually impossible for one side or the other to fire off broadside without the other side knowing about it," says F.J. Blackwell of EPC in Nova Scotia. Détente and surveillance from space are the safeguards everybody's counting on.

But a military analyst in the Defence Department says, "I personally don't think a sneak attack is a more remote possibility than a general kind of nuclear war. Yes, you can have very good indications that war is coming. You can certainly detect forces of your opponent. Yes, you can be ready, but remember the offence always has the option of choosing the time and the place." He thinks the difficulty will come in interpreting facts. "Maybe you've got a highly suspicious mind. In international affairs you don't have iron-clad evidence." A misguided assessment, he says, could start a war.

Other officials worry about the inflexible planning on which Canada's civil defence effort—such as it is—is based. "It's continual frustration!" one says. "You get tired of hitting your head against a stone wall. Hardly anything can be done unless the clamoring comes from the people." Another puts it this way: "The non-NATO countries have put a great emphasis [on civil defence] in the last decade, and so this is what bothers me. If they've reached the point where they could risk a nuclear attack and be confident about a large portion of their population surviving, then we're in trouble."

— Betsy Chambers

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Prince Edward Island

In the spud biz, bad turns to worse

And worse turns to worst. But there's still hope

One fine day this summer, just before Norman Clarey's potato plants began to blossom, his family shipped off 20 trailer-loads of potatoes left over from last year's crop. The potatoes were still good, and they cost more than \$30,000 to produce. But prices were so low it was hardly worth the effort of grading and bagging them. Instead, the Clareys gave them to a cattlefeed operation and were "very pleased" not to have to pay to have them hauled away. It was an inauspicious start to the 1980 potato season for a grower who, like most other Maritime farmers, needs all the encouragement he can get.

After three very lean years—the last one, disastrous—Island potato farmers were heading into yet another harvesting season without a marketing system to control supplies, end inter-provincial competition for markets and stabilize prices. Some were taking what comfort they could from reports of

light, late crops in the United States.

"So many people just don't realize how bad the problem is," says Clarey. "The provincial government doesn't recognize the problem it involves, not only within the potato industry but within the whole agriculture industry. Because she's just teeter-tottering on bankruptcy. Every time we get the fuel man in, the price is up. We buy a piece of machinery and the price is up. But if we want to sell, it's always down. You can only go on so long."

Clarey, 34, operates a seed-potato farm at Whim Road with his father and brother. The Clareys began specializing in potatoes about 12 years ago, after Norman graduated from agricultural college. But they've farmed on their present scale—about 400 acres—only for the past six years or so. There have been some good years: They've invested in land, warehouses, close to \$400,000 worth of machinery. Norman and his wife and six children recently moved into a brand-new house. Early this summer, though, he was talking about the possibility of losing the whole works. Two years ago, the Clareys broke even on the potato crop; last year they lost more than \$100,000. "One more year like this past year and I don't think we could hang on," he says. "The banks would just move in. That's plain and simple economics. That's the grim reality of it. And there aren't many growers on the Island who are in a much better position, unless they're really well established."

Talk in the industry is that some farmers went out of business after last year's disaster, when farmers were losing about 2 cents a pound on potatoes. Many simply retrenched. Early estimates indicate Island farmers have planted about 10% fewer acres than last year. That in itself could be a small blessing. "If there's a 10% decrease in acreage and normal production," says Harold Rodd of the P.E.I. Potato Marketing Board, "then we're down to a more marketable position." But since the Island, with its mere 60,000 acres of potato land, is a small potato among North American producers, prognosticators focus on what's happening in potato fields elsewhere.

Harry Fraser, publisher of *Fraser's Potato Newsletter*, was finding reason for optimism by late June in the U.S.

crop, which is smaller this year because of cutbacks in planting and bad growing weather. California and Virginia farmers cut back by 20%. In June, potato prices in California, Florida and North Carolina were about double those of the previous June. Florida had a hailstorm and frost during its growing season. In the Red River Valley of North Dakota and Minnesota and in Manitoba, the drought had growers forecasting only half a crop.

John MacDonald, a Souris Line Road grower who has been involved with attempts to set up an eastern Canada potato marketing agency, is unimpressed by market forecasts in a volatile industry. "There'd have to be a miracle for me to be optimistic," he says. "There'd have to be a serious crop failure somewhere for a big change to take place in the market. There'd have to be somebody else's failure for our success."

Negotiations by industry representatives from Ontario, Quebec and the Maritimes to set up a marketing agency bogged down in the spring. MacDonald says farmers will be lucky if the agency is ready for the 1981 crop. Meanwhile, farmers are selling through a hit-or-miss system that, MacDonald says, "is as old as Methuselah's cat."

MacDonald has cut back his acreage about 10% this year, to 190 acres. On the west end of the Island, Allison Ellis, a Liberal MLA, dropped his from 129 to 102. Without a marketing system to set prices and control supplies, he says, "the farmer's on a treadmill. He's got to run faster and faster and he's not getting anywhere." This year, growers will need a big price just to recoup production costs, Ellis says. He estimates they're at least 25% higher than last year, adds, "I'm not all that optimistic."

Norman Clarey says he's not going to start worrying until at least next winter, after he's done all he can to ensure a successful crop: "I always felt that even though we are so far in debt, we have as good a chance of making it as anybody. You stop worrying about it after a while, and you just go out, make sure you have good seed to plant, make a good job of cropping, do it first-class. That's all you can do. You put in your crop and look after it well and then hope for the best."

— Marian Bruce



Norm Clarey: Bad year follows bad year



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Cape Breton "sex camp" was media joyride

And that's all, folks

Do the hills of western Cape Breton conceal a summer camp where libertine sexual theories are tried out on innocent children? They do not. Yet a printed rumor that they did recently caused a minor media sensation. How did the story get out of hand? The answer contains useful lessons about the press, politicians, and Nova Scotia's summer-camp bureaucracy.

The controversy spun round Dr. Eleanor Hamilton, 70, an American psychologist who deplors the widening gap between the ages of sexual maturity and marriage. She says that, in 50 years, the average age of marriage has

risen from 18 to 22, while the average age of sexual maturity has dropped from 14 to 12. The gap, in short, has increased to a decade, and as Hamilton says, "You can't put a vital function on the shelf for 10 years and expect it to work right when you take it down."

She says those who abstain from all pre-marital sex usually end up with some sexual dysfunction, while those who don't abstain end up making babies at an alarming rate. Hamilton therefore opposes sexual intercourse among younger teen-agers, but says they must have alternatives. Her book, *Sex with Love: A Guide to Young People*, encourages teen-aged lovers to use methods other than intercourse to stimulate themselves and each other to orgasm.

The Canadian uproar over her views began during what she describes as a long, informal chat with an Associated Press reporter. She mentioned a camp run by her daughter, April Thanhauser, at Sight Point, an isolated stretch of coast between Mabou and Inverness. Whether through misunderstanding or news hype, the AP story described Camp Discovery as Hamilton's camp—a place with "no rules against sexual fraternization" where "such intimacy is encouraged." In the March 4 *Toronto Star*, sloppy editing compounded these inaccuracies. The *Star* story portrayed the camp as a lab for Hamilton's theories with the campers, aged eight to 16, as guinea pigs.

Thanhauser denied this in a letter the *Star* published. The *Star* also published a retraction and senior editor Borden Spears apologized to Hamilton by mail. But the damage had been done. On grounds that "there must be something extraordinary about the camp, or people wouldn't be that much disturbed," Senator Margaret Norrie demanded a public investigation. Worse, the Nova Scotia Camping Association expelled Camp Discovery. Membership in the association is a pre-requisite for Immigration Canada's permitting the camp to hire non-Canadian counsellors and, without them, it couldn't have functioned this summer.

The association acted solely on the basis of the inaccurate news story. It

didn't even phone Thanhauser. Later, it reinstated Camp Discovery and its president, George Matthews, now says he would unreservedly recommend the camp to inquiring parents. But he doesn't apologize for revoking its membership without checking the facts. Shouldn't he have at least given Thanhauser a chance to reply to the article? "That's what we did when we notified them [of the membership cancellation]," he says. "It made them defend themselves."

Meanwhile, other organs of the Upper Canadian media had decided they were onto a cute story. Typical of the Burghers-of-Inverness-up-in-arms-over-sex-camp genre was a piece by *The Globe and Mail's* Barbara Yaffe. It quoted a local newspaper editor as saying townspeople were incensed by the camp. Rankin MacDonald, editor of the *Oran*, says he told Yaffe the exact opposite—that local interest in the story was minimal. "She kept at it and at it," MacDonald says. "I told her we're not getting any outbursts of indignation. But she must have just said, 'Oh the hell with it, I'll go with it anyway.'"

MacDonald says whatever bad feeling exists toward Camp Discovery results from the belief that local residents have been denied access to beaches. The camp occupies only 24 acres and has no sand beach of its own, but it's situated in an area where thousands of acres have fallen under American ownership. Although horrified by suggestions they are hostile to local residents, most owners appear only for a few summer weeks. Beyond a passing acquaintance with Scottish culture, they have little interest in Cape Breton. "I've heard of lots of incidents where people were kicked off of the land up there," MacDonald says.

Now that the furor has died down, Camp Discovery is open for another season with 20 campers. Hamilton is there, too—as a part-time consultant who's available for counselling on a variety of topics for any campers who request it. "She responds honestly and informatively to young people's questions on love and sexuality," Thanhauser says of her mother, "but she does not 'encourage behavior' nor does she form camp policy." Hamilton herself downplays her role at the camp. She's fearful the whole controversy will be rekindled. "I can take it in the neck if it's just me," she says, "but when it affects other people, like April, it's really painful."

— Parker Barss Donham



KEITH MACINNIS

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So you think the fishing's great in Newfoundland

Well, it is. Trouble is, lots of people have discovered it. That's why nobody's getting fat

Richard Cashin and Bill Wells don't agree about much, especially during fish price negotiations. Cashin is president of the Newfoundland Fishermen, Food and Allied Workers Union and Wells heads the Fisheries Association of Newfoundland and Labrador. This year their haggling has been tougher than usual. But the union man and the companies' man agree on one thing: Inshore fishermen aren't making a good living, and that's bad for the whole industry.

But didn't you just hear Newfoundland is the bright spot in a somewhat tarnished east coast fishery? Aren't fish landings rising by leaps and bounds with dollar values one step ahead of them, while in the Maritimes statistics

another 20%, much extra money came from a boom in squid, the valuable species (we sell it in the Far East) which attracted many of the born-again fishermen. In 1977 Newfoundland's 8,000 "bona fide" inshore fishermen made an average of \$6,300. Three years later, their numbers up to about 11,000, they were pulling in between \$8,000 and \$10,000 on average. Hardly the bonanza you've heard about.

But what's a "bona fide" fisherman? That's the crux of the problem. Down at the wharf, everyone knew some people were fishing "full-time" (as long as the local season permitted), while others went out for a few extra dollars, but federal licensing policy has never recognized the difference. Ottawa kept close tabs on licences for high-priced restricted species like lobster, crab and salmon and for severely overfished areas like the Gulf of St. Law-

people were competing for herring in Trinity Bay this spring that the quota was caught and the season closed before some fishermen could get their gear in the water.

There are now nearly three times as many "casual" fishermen in Newfoundland as there are bona fides. Not all those thousands of licence-holders are moonlighters. Many just fish for their own use, and nobody wants to interfere with them. Ottawa has promised a revamped licensing system for the start of 1981 which, for the first time, will distinguish between the right to fish and the right to make a living from fishing. The idea is to ensure that where the resources can't support everyone who wants to fish, those trying to make a living get first crack at fishing grounds, "limited-entry" licences, landing facilities, fish buyers and government subsidies like the sales-tax exemption on boats, gear and fuel.

Impatient for government action last winter, the union campaigned to identify the province's bona fide fishermen. Community fishermen's committees drew up lists of local licence-holders who considered fishing their primary work. With or without changes to the official licensing system, the union plans to issue special cards to these members and ask plants to buy from them first. The plan drew predictable outcries from part-timers. A policeman wrote the *Evening Telegram*, protesting he needed the extra money from fishing to feed his family. "If a fisherman is having a poor summer," the *Union Forum* answered in its own pages, "he can't decide to work for a day or two as a traffic cop in order to make a few extra dollars. Why should it be any different the other way around?"

The really tricky question is how many fishermen the fishery can support. If the \$150 million paid for fish caught inshore last year went to only 10,000 fishermen, Bill Wells suggests, they would have made an average \$15,000—a healthy income which would allow them to keep up their investments in boats and gear and soften their demands for higher prices. There's just one snag: The union figures it has roughly 11,000 bona fide members but federal officials say the number may be more like 15,000. More fishermen expecting higher incomes means more pressure on the landed price of fish. Compared to the details, the principle was easy to agree on.

— Amy Zierler



Fishermen need better incomes to pay for boats and gear

stumble and fall? Well, yes, but the problem is this: Too many other people heard the same thing and decided to get their piece of the action. The 200-mile limit helped increase the size of the pie, but more people are eating it. And since the prices aren't getting bigger, few people are getting full.

Between 1977 (the first year of the 200-mile limit) and 1979, the amount of fish caught in inshore Newfoundland waters went up by 60%. So did the number of people fishing. While the value of greater fish landings increased

rence. But it was less fussy about the personal fishing licence which allows the holder to fish widely-caught species such as cod, mackerel, herring and squid. For five dollars, anyone could get a personal licence—an attractive proposition for teachers, miners, policemen or civil servants who might want to supplement their incomes in tight times. Until this summer, when Roméo LeBlanc authorized a temporary freeze on personal licences, five-dollar cheques were coming in at the rate of hundreds a week. So many



Captain Morgan White.

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Lynn Palmer's ordeal: She'll never walk again

A stranger shot her in a strange town. Now, she'll marry the man who hurled his own body over hers and took three bullets himself

Twins have often had a special fate. Romulus founded a city (Rome); Israel, a people; Elvis, a cult. The Kwakiutl Indians of British Columbia believed twins could cure disease by swinging a large wooden rattle. Thomas, the sainted twin, didn't believe, until he saw proof. Castor and Pollux, sons of Zeus, are the namesakes of Gemini, a constellation that has become a household word, if only through the oath, "By Jiminy." Literature abounds with twins, particularly in comedies about mistaken identities. Lynn Palmer, secretary of the 1978

She was crippled. No surgery, no rattles, can make her walk again.

Lynn sits in a wheelchair in St. Michael's Hospital in Toronto. Her slim, five-foot-two frame occasionally shakes with spasms. Her hair is auburn. Folke, beside her, has blond hair. He is six-foot-two and, when the bullets came, his body became her shield, foiling not only the earthly assailant but also the Angel of Death. "I could be worse off," Lynn says. "Some people don't have their arms. That's the way I look at it. Most of the time."

When Lynn, 20, graduated from high school, she thought she would become a secretary in Fredericton. She worked for seven months with the government's New Brunswick Information Service, where she is remembered as a "crackerjack." Folke, 24, came to Boiestown in 1977 with Swede Forest, a company experimenting with forest equipment. Cappy Palmer—mother of six girls of whom the twins, Lori and Lynn, are the youngest—says Folke was Lynn's only serious boyfriend.

Last August Folke went to Pineville, near Alexandria in North Louisiana, with SM Logging to thin pine plantations. On March 5 he was sent on business to Baton Rouge, the state capital, a 2½-hour drive south. Lynn went along. On Saturday night, March 8, after eating at the Monarch Inn on a commercial strip near the Interstate Highway, Lynn suggested they go for a walk. It was eight o'clock and dark.

Lynn recalls: "We walked around the corner. We heard this guy talking. We didn't pay any attention." A shot rang out. "I fell to the ground. Folke didn't know if it had hit me. He felt my back. The guy started shooting some more. Folke threw his body over mine." Folke took three bullets.

After the first shot, Folke says they pleaded with the man holding a .22 calibre rifle not to shoot anymore. "He didn't for a while. About the time I felt her back, he started shooting again. Really fast. Six or seven shots. I was turning in the air from being shot;

that's how Lynn got hit again. Then he stopped. I don't know if he ran out of bullets or what happened." The man had fired 12 times.

Folke ran to some men crouched behind cars. All had drawn guns. Lynn says her assailant began shouting, "Get my baby off the street." He thought I was his wife." Later, when Lynn was placed on a stretcher, the gunman came and put his arms around her, moaning, "Don't take my wife away." Lynn screamed, "I'm not your wife. You're the guy that shot me." The police arrested him.

Cappy (her real name is Catherine), husband Berne, a pipefitter at the Point Lepreau nuclear site near Saint John, and a daughter flew to Baton Rouge. "Everyone in the Boiestown area chipped in to help us pay expenses," Cappy says. Baton Rouge Mayor Woody Dumas started a fund that raised \$8,000 for medical expenses. After a few weeks, Lynn and Folke were transferred to St. Michael's, Toronto. Maurice Dionne, MP for Northumberland-Miramichi, arranged their transportation. Folke needed more operations, lost a third of a kidney.

Lynn enjoys cooking, but she's a paraplegic now, and she knows homemaking will be tough. After Folke's Louisiana job ends, and a marriage ceremony, he'll build a house for them in Sweden, probably next year. She had planned on getting an Irish setter. "Now I am going to get a little dog that can sit on my lap." She loves Sweden, having gone there last year to meet Folke's family. He is one of 10 children.

There is still the legal ordeal. On March 19, David Edwards, 23, was indicted on two counts of attempted murder. His trial will probably be in the fall, and Lynn dreads it. "I don't want to see him."

She must go through life with one bullet in her spine and another at the base of her tailbone. Neither can be removed. Sometimes, she says, "I sort of think back and say, *Why did this have to happen to us?*" The greatest religious teachers have never adequately explained why the innocent must suffer. Still, Lynn and Folke have much to thank their lucky stars for. Folke will be almost as good as new. And although she didn't ask for proof, Lynn will have a husband who, by Jiminy, provided proof that he's ready to die for her. From now on, it will be as if they had been born a second time. Every new moment will be doubly special, as a gift twice given.

— Jon Everett and Barbara Scott



Folke, Lynn: They'll marry, as planned

Upper Miramichi Regional High School graduating class, is a twin. So is Folke Johansson, a Swede who came to New Brunswick to work in the woods. Last Christmas at her Boiestown home, he asked her to marry him. She happily followed him to Louisiana January 8. Two months to the day later, a drunken Baton Rouge man decided to shoot his wife. In a tragic case of mistaken identity, the man pumped two bullets into Lynn.

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Ottawa Diary

Up-and-coming Atlantic MPs

Some are Grits. Some are Tories. They're all on the move

Power is a word that rolls deliciously on the tongue, like strawberry shortcake in summer, here in Ottawa. Among the fresh faces from Atlantic Canada who grace the House of Commons, only **Gerald Regan**, a cabinet minister, has had a real taste of it. The 10 first-time MPs from the east, all elected within the last 23 months, are still lowly backbenchers. But a few, according to party insiders, could have sweet treats ahead.

When **Roger Simmons** (L—Burin-St. George's) took his seat in the House last December, after winning in a byelection, he was determined not to be seen as the new guy. Simmons made national news his first day in Parliament by asking then Prime Minister Joe Clark about winter energy shortages in Atlantic Canada. A week later, he caught national media attention again by conveniently delivering his maiden speech—a sharp attack on inflation—the same night John Crosbie's mini-budget was defeated and the Conservative government fell. (Simmons's confidence that night was buoyed by the fact he had been Finance critic in the Newfoundland House of Assembly for five years, when Crosbie was the province's Finance minister.) Since then, Liberals have been taking notice of this seemingly nerveless Newfoundlander: He was one of four Atlantic-region Liberals to be appointed a parliamentary secretary. His next step? "Anyone who doesn't aspire to being a cabinet minister is really wasting his time here," he says. And Roger Simmons rarely wastes time.

Brian Tobin (L—Humber-Port au Port-St. Barbe) is only 25 and the youngest of the region's MPs but he acts older. That sometimes causes him problems. "I keep running into people who say I look a lot older on television," he says. But though his youth is occasionally a liability, it can also be an asset. Many older politicians and party insiders are asking his opinions, partly because he seems to typify a big chunk of the electorate: Young, newly married, university educated and saving for a first home. One older politician who's given and received guidance is Don Jamieson. When Jamieson left Ottawa to head Newfoundland's Liberal party, Tobin became his executive assistant. Jamieson's advice to the

fledgling MP: "Keep your mouth shut for your first year and listen." Tobin says he hasn't kept his mouth shut, but has listened.

Since **Mel Gass** (PC—Malpeque) left his home at 15 and headed to Toronto, he has changed jobs as often as a chameleon changes colors. He's worked as a laborer, heavy-equipment operator, farmer, mechanic, maintenance foreman, refrigeration engineer and motel operator. Maybe that's why his newest transition, to member of Parliament, comes easy. Insiders say he adapted to the stained-glass chambers right away. But Gass says he would have to think twice about a cabinet position, if the Tories ever regain power: It would mean putting his motel business in a blind trust or selling it. He also admits that once any job gets monotonous, he usually leaves. Besides, not so long ago, Gass dreamed of retiring at 40. He's 41.

Russell MacLellan (L—Cape Breton-The Sydneys) likes being an MP so he can help his constituents. But he also likes it because he's a natural competitor and in politics the stakes are high and the winner takes all. MacLellan is at work by 7 a.m., rarely leaves before 10 p.m., and works six days a week. He's thriving in Ottawa as parliamentary secretary to the minister of Mines. For diversion, he works out in the gym every day. On Saturdays, he jogs with three friends back in Nova Scotia where, if he competes, it's just for fun. Naturally.

According to one insider, there's a new Conservative MP who has really impressed his boss, Opposition Leader Joe Clark: "He's the type of guy that Clark really sees as having a lot of potential." The member is **Tom McMillan** (PC—Hillsborough), 35, single, stunningly good looking with a boyish face and silver-tipped hair. Smart, too. Just the right combination for politics. McMillan's ties with Clark go back a long way before he was elected in 1979. He, Clark and Lowell Murray (now a senator and Clark's top adviser) worked in Robert Stanfield's office in the early 1970s, when Stanfield was leader of the Conservative party. These days, McMillan is the party's Environment critic. (Clark, who appointed him, once had this job himself.) Watch him.

— Julianne Labreche

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SECRETARY



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Cover Story

He's with Ryan's Fancy, and this is their biggest, busiest year. They're spending August in their native Ireland but he'll soon be in P.E.I. again because "I'll always want to come back here." He is

Denis Ryan, singer

By Marian Bruce

The blonde woman on the floor of Denis Ryan's pine-panelled basement in Lower Montague won't give up. "Come on, Denis, sing," she coaxes. "Den-IS! SING!" It's 2 a.m., and a few people at this party are just warming up—feeding on Irish bread and fish chowder and somehow becoming wittier as the night grows older. At the rec-room bar, a Montague lawyer tosses off a bunch of one-liners and tells a story about his grandfather campaigning by horse and buggy in a federal election. Denis Ryan is behind the bar, egging the lawyer on, all but applauding. He is a terrific listener. The party fizzles out about 4:30, after the host falls asleep at the kitchen table. He does not sing.

Denis Ryan is happy in his work, loves singing and playing folksongs with the other members of Ryan's Fancy—Dermot O'Reilly, Fergus O'Byrne and James Keane. Three of the four have been together for about 10 years; they are partners, drinking buddies, best friends. Only Ryan is present for this Prince Edward Island party. O'Reilly and O'Byrne live in Newfoundland, Keane in Nova Scotia. The four are such a cohesive unit, Ryan feels strange about singing without "the boys." Besides, there are times when he doesn't even want to talk about music, much less put on a performance.

"With the people around here," he says later, "I can get into a daily routine of talking about the price of fish, and how potatoes are bad this year, and stuff like that. But when they turn to me and talk to me about my

music, I don't want to discuss it because I don't want to be talking about myself. I'm conscious of image to a certain extent, and I'd hate to have the reputation of being a big-headed, who-do-you-think-you-are son of a bitch."

Ryan says this is the group's biggest year so far, and that's as close as he ever comes to self-congratulation. The four are spending August in their native Ireland to film an Irish-Canadian

days even Ryan is hard-pressed to pinpoint its musical identity. The boys will sing "The Rocky Road to Dublin" for Irish-American audiences this fall, when they start making inroads into the U.S. market, but they'll probably also throw in "The Boys of the Island" and "The Star of Logy Bay." When they performed in St. John's last spring with Vera Lynn, more than half their program consisted of Newfoundland

songs. And it was these Irish-born singers who provided a national television showcase for some of the best of the Atlantic musical tradition—the nitty-gritty, down-home stuff, as it is sung and played by people famous only in their own communities.

Denis and Muriel Ryan and their three children (Colleen, 11, Siobhan, 9, Catriona, 7) moved to the island three years ago, into an old, square house on nine acres of waterfront property. (They'd planned to buy a house near Charlottetown but Ryan called off the deal, sacrificing \$4,000, when he heard the place was haunted.)

Through floor-to-ceiling windows in their pale yellow living room, you look out on lighthouses and red cliffs and acres of water. Georgetown is across the bay, and the home of Will Millar of the Irish Rovers is a half-mile down the road. Millar and Ryan bought homes here, through pure coincidence, within weeks of each other. "We're great neighbors," Ryan says. "Lots of people thought we'd be at each other's throats."

The day after the party, Ryan is yawning and hung over but in high spirits. He's a warm, exuberant man of 36, given to calling all females "honey" and interrupting an otherwise calm



A warm, exuberant man, he fears being seen as "big headed"

production called *Home, Boys, Home*. This summer their ninth record album, *Sea People*, was released. Earlier in the year, there were sold-out performances at eight winter carnivals; tours of western Canada and Newfoundland; filming of part of a TV special at Disney World, a Christmas special at Kings Landing, N.B., and two one-hour shows in Newfoundland. There have been personal milestones as well: Denis finally graduated from university; Denis, Fergus and Dermot became Canadian citizens.

Sometimes Ryan's Fancy is described as an Irish group, but these

conversation with startling bursts of profanity. You wonder if he's been seized by a sudden fit of temper. No. Just admiring the view. "Jasuz! Will you look at that! See, from where I sit. I can see nothing but water from this seat here. Incredible. Just incredible."

Just as suddenly, he can turn shy as a schoolboy. I ask him about playing the fiddle. Yes, he plays "a little." The penny whistle, the instrument he grew up on, he plays "enough to get by." Almost apologetically, he has lent me an enormous scrapbook. "Don't show it to anybody," he orders. I imagine I'm being handed something on the order of the keys to a confession box. The scrapbook turns out to be mainly a collection of newspaper clippings, dating back to 1970. The reviews of Ryan's Fancy performances range from favorable to adulatory. Among other things, Ryan is described as the best

first performed in Charlottetown. Denis, Dermot and Fergus had all emigrated from Ireland in the late Sixties, become acquainted in Toronto and moved to Newfoundland early in 1971 to attend Memorial. As a teenager, Denis had studied with the Christian Brothers in Ireland, and intended to become a missionary. Now he decided to study medicine. The idea was that music would pay for the trio's education. Before long, Ryan's Fancy became so busy the studies became secondary.

The group's first big break came during the Charlottetown engagement. The boys were invited to do a *Singalong Jubilee* show in Halifax. They were so eager they hired a private plane to taxi them to Halifax in the morning and back to Charlottetown for their evening show. "Jeez, we really felt important," says Ryan. "We couldn't afford a

the room."

After the success of four *Singalong Jubilee* shows, there was a nationally syndicated TV show out of Hamilton with Tommy Makem; segments of the variety show, *Canadian Express*; and the 13-week series from Atlantic Canada that Ryan considers the highlight of his career. It featured local entertainers in their own communities—Cape Breton fiddlers, singers of Island farming songs, and so on. "Those old-timers on those shows," he says. "What a satisfaction that was.... We were the catalysts on the show. We hosted it every week, but we definitely weren't the stars. The local people, the guests, were." Jack McAndrew, former head of variety for CBC-TV, says that what Ryan's Fancy managed to do was preserve "a living record of folk music where it is played and where it is real.... Their's is a non-commercial



DAVID NICHOLS



RON VINCENT

He may be continent's top whistle player

whistle player in North America. He laughs. "I guess there aren't many whistle players around."

Jim MacNeill, Ryan's closest friend on the Island, says this is typical of Ryan, who is "country-Irish." Somewhat uncharacteristic was Ryan's appearance in mortarboard and gown at the St. John's airport last spring. He had just been awarded his bachelor of arts degree, after a nine-year off-and-on university career, and Jim and Shirley MacNeill were arriving in St. John's for the celebrations.

MacNeill has known members of Ryan's Fancy since 1971, when they

Ryan's Fancy: O'Reilly, O'Byrne, Ryan, Keane. Good buddies, all

plane one way, for God's sake. Anyway, that launched us off, put us on a different plateau."

With the release of an early record album, Ryan was dispatched to the K-Mart in Charlottetown to sign autographs. "Denis was in an absolute blue fright," MacNeill says. "Just the thought of being surrounded by a crowd of people who wanted his autograph—that really frightened him." Shirley MacNeill remembers somebody putting on a Ryan's Fancy record at a house party in Montague during those early years: "When a song by Denis came on, he turned scarlet and left

approach. Authenticity is important to them. Integrity is important to them."

Ryan is devoted to the Atlantic region; he says he'll spend the rest of his life here. "I've never felt like a fish out of water here," he says. He grew up on a small farm in Tipperary, in a conservative, religious community not unlike parts of P.E.I. His father played the accordion, his sister the fiddle. There were house dances, and the place was full of music. "The whole countryside was full of music, just as it was here," he says. "I can relate to this area very easily."

Cover Story

It was the Celtic fact in eastern Canada—the Scottish-Irish influence on the music, the ways of thinking and acting—that attracted Ryan and the others here in the first place. “It’s amazing that the Celtic influence is still so powerful. It’s in the body, it’s in the soul here. Sometimes I meet people

and the recording industry. The catch to his idyllic life by the sea is that he feels somewhat isolated professionally. “But, Jeez, you can’t have your cake and eat it too. My neighbors are excellent. My neighbors are fantastic. I’ll always want to come back here.” The Ryans spent a couple of summers on the Island before moving to Lower Montague. The night they arrived, Ryan was startled to see a procession of 25 to 30 cars heading up his driveway. A crowd of friends and neighbors, bearing food, booze and fiddles, marched down to the basement, woke everybody up and partied until 5 or 6 a.m.

On this early summer afternoon, the waters below Ryan’s house are

morning with their diabetic dog Rascal, through the fields and woods and along the shore. Neighbors supply them with fresh mackerel, lobster, potatoes. Denis donates a lot of time to community work (this year he’s honorary Big Brother for the Maritimes). He is, he says, “a very contented person.”

But he’s also capable of terrible lows. A couple of years ago, he used to worry a lot about his career, where the group was heading, what he’d do if the whole thing fell apart. Now he sees Ryan’s Fancy continuing indefinitely, performing more or less the same kind of material, perhaps doing more overseas work. “I don’t see us becoming superstars. On the other hand, a lot of



DAVID NICHOLS



DAVID NICHOLS

Along the shore with a diabetic dog

that may be four or five generations from the old country, and they almost talk like somebody that had never left. My mother comes from a little place in Ireland, and when she comes over here, she finds that 3,000 miles away this same dance exists in another little village in Newfoundland. Or the same reel exists in Cape Breton that I heard in Ireland when I was growing up. Little did I ever think I’d hear 200 fiddlers playing it in Cape Breton.”

Ryan is talking about leaving the Island for a while, possibly for Halifax where he’ll be closer to other performers

Ryan’s family: Siobhan (standing), Colleen (sitting, left), and Muriel with little Catriona

shimmering in the sunlight in evanescent tones of silver and blue. The kids are riding bikes and doing handstands on the lawn. The sound of bagpipe music on the stereo drifts out to the verandah. Ryan has this fantasy, which he shares, about propelling himself like a rocket into the middle of the harbor, landing with a mighty splash and popping up again on his doorstep. Sometimes, when he’s supposed to be working at his music, he’ll become so high on the scenery that an hour will go by with nothing accomplished. He and Muriel go for long walks every

superstars have come and gone since we started.”

Even semi-stardom brings problems. Ryan’s forever conscious of the need for keeping one’s feet on the ground. “I sort of felt a few years ago we were getting a little big for our boots,” he says. “When success began to come, when we began to be accepted. Being recognized and so on, that can be really hard to cope with. You strive for that, actually. That’s when you know you’re scoring, when you get that. But you have to really safeguard your ego.”



The Pool Opening-

Warming the house was one thing. But opening your first pool has to be something else. So you invite your friends around for a pool opening with a difference. Splashing in a half a foot of water complete with rubber ducks. It's a pool opening that only you could think of. And you share the laugh with an Ice Pick: the crystal clear taste of Smirnoff, the vodka that leaves you breathless, combined with ice tea. And you sip slowly, so you don't get in over your head.

Smirnoff Style



Folks



JOE STONE

Hamilton: Calithumping on down the road

Alice Hamilton, Peter Pacey and Mark Kristmanson won't always be Calithumpians but, while they are, they're enriching life in New Brunswick. ("Calithump" means to create a commotion, which is what masked revellers did on New Year's Day in colonial Fredericton.) Hamilton, Pacey and Kristmanson have been calithumping all year for high-school and adult audiences with a revue about provincial life called *Duffy's Hotel*. Duffy's was a famous inn in Boiestown, on the Miramichi, and in the revue, they use old folksongs, new hits and poems by the likes of Bliss Carmen and Alden Nowlan to recount its heyday of logging tunes, the world wars and today's goin' down the road. Alice Hamilton, this year's only drama graduate at UNB, Fredericton, says, "When we play old people's homes, they come up and thank us for bringing back memories." Alice, 21, will go down the road herself this fall to take an MA in theatre arts in the U.S. She recently appeared in two Theatre New Brunswick plays, won the best actress award at the New Brunswick Drama Festival, directed Fredericton junior-high kids in *Oliver Twist*, signed up for two TNB Young Company plays at Kings Landing. She's been in a National Film Board movie and on TV with Ryan's Fancy. One word perfectly describes her prospects: Calithumping.

When actor-singer-writer-director Brian McKay ends his seventh season at the Charlottetown Festival in September and heads for Cape Breton, he'll probably be taking the entire Festival company with him. The occasion is the filming of a CBC television special based on *Come by the Hills*, McKay's musical story about a Scottish immigrant in the 1800s. The show opened last summer in Charlottetown and has toured to Toronto and Halifax. The television version will have a 35-member cast, although only McKay, 30, and his brother Steven, 18, who plays his son, will have speaking parts. McKay, who emigrated from Scotland, chose Cape Breton for the Canadian scenes in his TV film because of the region's strong Scottish roots, and because "I have such an affinity for the area. I'm very fond of it." There'll also be scenes shot in Halifax, Quebec City, Scotland. The result will be seen on CBC television Dec. 30. McKay says he's "very excited" about the show, but he's so busy this summer he barely has time to think about it. Besides performing in *Come by the Hills*, he's acting in the Festival's new musical, *Fauntleroy*, and directing the Stage Two cabaret production, *Love in the Back Seat*.

You may have thought passenger rail service on Prince Edward Island was gone forever. Not so. Barry Maloney, 59, is building his own little railway empire on his 42-acre property at Kildare, Prince County. The operation so far includes a half-mile of track, two tiny locomotives (one diesel, one steam) and seven cars, all about one-eighth the standard size. In June,



NEIL SWARTZ/UNB

Maloney: A "fun idea" on wheels

the first fare-paying passengers, traveling three to a car, boarded the train. It clickety-clacks along at three miles an hour through fields and woods and over a stream. This summer, Maloney is building a replica of a small-town station and tuning up his steam locomotive. Five feet long and 19 inches high, it's a miniature of one of the last steam locomotives operated in Britain. Maloney hopes to extend the track to two miles and add buildings, bridges, waterfalls, tunnels. The railway started as a "fun idea" five years ago—Maloney used to be an engineer for a Montreal firm that builds truck bodies—but it's becoming a second career. Strangely enough, Maloney has never been much of a railroad buff, and doesn't see much point in collecting railway memorabilia. "I'm more interested in building something and making it go," he says. "I've always been interested in things on wheels."

NIGEL MARKHAM



Cantwell: Last of a light-keeping line

Gerald Cantwell keeps the Cape Spear light. Until recently, he shared the job with his uncle who had shared it with his brother-in-law, Gerry's father, and so on back for six generations. Cantwells have kept the light and foghorn on this most easterly point in North America ever since the beacon was lit in 1836. James Cantwell was a St. John's harbor pilot who, the story goes, rescued Prince Henry of the Netherlands from a heavy fog. In thanks, the prince asked the British to make Cantwell keeper of the Cape Spear light which, for 145 years now, has helped mariners locate the narrow hidden entrance to St. John's harbor. Each generation has passed the keys along to the next, but the end of a tradition may be in sight. "Now we come under Canada," Gerry says, "and you must apply for the job like any other federal job." Gerry, 33, grew up

in the original lighthouse, with his mother for a teacher and the point's spectacular cliffs for a playground. Keeping the light was a 24-hour job in those days. Today he lives in town and drives to his eight-hour shift in 15 minutes. (Parks Canada is restoring the tidy old lighthouse with its copper dome, British granite tower and thick pine floors.) Gerry could be the last of the Cantwells to work at Cape Spear: Automation is creeping in and, besides, he has no children to pass the keys on to.

Nearly everybody in Sheppardville is a Sheppard. Fourteen years ago, **Robert Sheppard** moved with his five sons—Leander, Louis, Allan, Martin and Hutley—and their young families from Botwood in central Newfoundland to a spot they called Birch Ridge. They came to cut railway ties from the birch forest at the base of the Baie Verte Peninsula, and they lived in log cabins while clearing land and cutting timber for new homes. Robert Sheppard's dead now but his five sons have nearly 60 children. Some of these have their own children, and have built their own homes. They call their community Sheppardville. Fifteen houses and a United church line two dirt roads that look more remote than they really are. The Trans-Canada Highway is just a quarter-mile away, and it's only 20 miles to Springdale. But most Sheppards still grow enough vegetables to last the winter, cut pulpwood for Bowater, burn birch in their stoves. While there's still no sign on the highway, Sheppardville has electricity, a community phone booth, Highways Department snow-clearing; also Health Department inspections, land surveys and building permit regulations. After the transient wood-cutter's life, a few government rules seem worth putting up with. "We won't be moving unless somebody moves us," says Leander. "We don't bother nobody and nobody bothers us."

Charley Paul, the emcee, looked at Graydon Nicholas, George Francis and **Michael Perley** and couldn't resist the quip: "I am here at the head table with a doctor, a lawyer and an Indian chief." Nicholas, chairman of the Union of New Brunswick Indians, is the lawyer; Francis is chief of the Tobique Maliseet Reserve near Perth-Andover, N.B.; and Perley, guest of honor at the reserve banquet, is the first Atlantic provinces Indian ever to become a doctor. Born and raised on the reserve, he got his MD at Dalhousie University, Halifax, this spring (after obtaining a science degree from UNB). Even as a child, he wanted to become a doctor



Perley: Medicine man for today

and, a few years ago, the fact that his mother had medical problems strengthened his resolve. Oldest of Mr. and Mrs. Simon Perley's four sons, Michael says, "I hope I can do something to help Indians, but it'll be difficult to establish my practice on a reserve because none is large enough." Right now he's interning at Saint John General Hospital and in November he goes to Dr. Everett Chalmers Hospital in Fredericton to complete his year. Chalmers himself was banquet guest speaker. He noted that Perley's forbears were no slouches as medicine men. They cauterized wounds, made effective potions, revived near-drowning victims and taught Jacques Cartier how to treat scurvy.

Back in Moscow **Marina Glazov's** field was Asian linguistics but even before she fled the Soviet Union with husband, Yuri Glazov, her secret love was literature. Persecuted dissidents, the Glazovs arrived in Halifax in '72—he's chairman of the Russian department at Dalhousie University—and,

since then, Marina's literary career has begun to flourish as it never flourished in her homeland. Her poetry and prose appear in such expatriate journals as *Continent*, *Echo*, *Time and Us*. Her first radio play, *Easter Roses*, a CBC Halifax production, was broadcast nationally on *Audio Stage*, and earned her a nomination for an ACTRA Nellie award. Now, while raising two sons with Yuri, she's writing another play. She writes in Russian, translates her plays into English. But she's also begun to *compose* her work in English. She's already earned a reputation among expatriate Soviet poets. Soon she may well be someone to watch in CanLit as well.

Acadian women of Chéticamp, N.S., have long been renowned for their hooked rugs. So, as this summer's 375th anniversary of Acadian settlement in the province approached, what better way to celebrate it, thought **Gerard and Annie Rose Deveau**, than with a great big rug? In the old days, a great big one could be up to 700 square feet. But the Deveaus didn't have room for such a big frame; they settled on a 30-footer. Gerard designed it, Annie Rose dyed wool for its 88 colors, and eight Chéticamp women—**Annie Roach, Laurette Chaisson, Evelyn Aucoin, Marie Deveau, Theresa Aucoin, Henriette Aucoin, Laurette Larade** and **Rita LeFort**—hooked 709,500 stitches in five-person teams, working twice a week for three months. The Deveaus mastered rug-hooking in their teens and they've taught it for the past five years. The women, all skilled rug-hookers, took the course just to learn new patterns. The Deveaus still haven't given up their dream of a huge rug. Gerard has plans for a 150-footer—as soon as he can find a bigger class to work on it, and \$500 for the frame.



Gerard, Annie Rose Deveau and quilt: For their next trick—something bigger



Wonderful Western Ireland

The names are magic: Limerick...Kerry...Castlemaine. The fuchsia blooms, the surf pounds. And, as always, the Irish country people offer genuine welcomes, heroic breakfasts and good conversation

By Kildare Dobbs

In spring, fields and hills are yellow with gorse and broom. In August the golden blossom has fallen but hedges along the sea glow crimson with fuchsia. The warm Gulf Stream brings mild air and a Mediterranean climate to Ireland. And rain that makes Irish grass greener and Irish cheeks rosier than you'd believe.

A flight to Shannon takes you into the heart of this Atlantic country, until recently one of the last refuges of Gaelic culture, now a playground for discriminating English and Continental visitors. Americans and Canadians, too, though most of them overfly Ireland in their hurry to reach the bright lights of London and the Continent.

In a small Ford rented at the airport, I crossed the Shannon at Limerick, with its fine castle and Georgian terraces, stopping in the picture-postcard village of Adare for breakfast at the Dunraven Arms. A boy took my order and disappeared. My campaign for further service set off a frightful row in the kitchen. I'm home, I thought.

But the experience proved decep-

tive. Western Ireland has changed. In my childhood, it had been peopled by small farmers and fishermen, fox-hunting gentry, priests, parsons and small-town turf-accountants (bookmakers) and gombeenmen (loan sharks). Rural life moved to the rhythms of tides and harvests, disturbed only by an occasional atrocity, after-shocks of a cruel history whose scars could still be seen in the grey ruins of castles and barracks. Now, a large, cheerful middle class outnumbers the traditional elements. Atrocities have almost disappeared; the gombeenmen are conquering the Common Market; the wildest landscapes teem with writers, potters and retired gin-and-tonics, many of them English or foreign (the last category including Dubliners). Even more striking is the existence in remote villages of first-class hotels and restaurants.

These are only the flagships of the tourist trade. Irish tourism is firmly based on the innate hospitality of the people, rich and poor. Their houses are open to visitors, offering bed-and-breakfast at bargain prices. The breakfasts, I discovered, are heroic as ever and the welcomes as genuine.

It was a soft evening of gentle rain

when I came to Dingle, County Kerry. After dinner at an excellent seafood place run by a former journalist from Cork, I spent my first night in a comfortable room over a pub. They call Dingle the next parish to America, a peninsula at the far limit of the ancient world, reaching with its scattered islands into the unknown. In the Blaskets, the islanders had kept their Gaelic language and culture into my own lifetime; today only puffins and sheep survive. Mount Brandon, named for the saint who began his legendary voyages here, seemed lonelier than ever, brooding on a coast of dreams.

Next morning the weather cleared, the sun shone as I drove through Castlemaine to round the Ring of Kerry by way of Cahirciveen. Mountains loomed clear and stark, the Macgillycuddy's Reeks crowned with the peak of Carrantuohill, Ireland's highest at 3,414 feet. It looked higher. In this home country of the tall story the very light achieves hyperbole. Stopping in Waterville for a Smithwick's ale in Charlie Chaplin's favorite hotel, I found that some decorator had freaked out on duckboards in the fine old Butler Arms. They were even on the walls. A walk along the shore

restored my spirits: Sea, mountains, the rattle of pebbles raked by surf.

Fuchsia rioted in the hedges along the southern shore. I passed tourists dreamily ambling in horse-drawn caravans and soon was in the subtropical woods of Parknasilla. Palms, bamboo, laurels and mossy beeches surrounded the gardens of the Great Southern Hotel beside the blue water. At Kenmare, where you turn left for Killarney, I turned right and drove over a high pass with stupendous views of Bantry Bay, heading for Durrus in West Cork, a region less frequented by tourists and, to my mind, just as beautiful as the Killarney lakes. Once I lost my way and had to ask, one of the pleasures of Irish travel. "Sure you're not lost at all," said the ruddy-cheeked farmer in his sing-song dialect. "You can go any place in the wide earthly world from where you are at this minute!" And of course such conversations do not end there, talk being the favorite occupation of Irish country people.

From Durrus I visited Bantry House, seat of the former Earls of Bantry, a spacious, classical house full of light and treasures. Two drawing rooms bright with Aubusson and Gobelin tapestries afford marvellous views of Bantry Bay.

Over the next two days I doubled back through the midlands to cross the Shannon again at Killaloe, which has a bishop and, it seems, more pubs than houses, heading for the stony country of West Clare. I stayed in a Doolin farmhouse, facing the Aran Islands. There was an American girl in the parlor on her way to Belfast on feminist business. Shaken by this news (didn't they have troubles of their own?) I braved the seas in a launch and came to Inisheer, smallest of the Arans. Gaelic-speaking fishermen were bringing in crabs and lobsters in their curraghs—black canoes of tarred canvas dating from the dawn of time. On the white beach a Dubliner was trying without success to fly a kite by throwing it into the wind. Ruins of church, castle and cottages stood like broken teeth. A plane landed from Galway carrying Gaelic scholars and government inspectors. I did not blame the islanders for ignoring me. My trip back to the mainland was wet.

In nearby Lisdoonvarna I spent the evening in a pub crowded with French and English tourists in new Aran sweaters. A hard-featured character in a cloth cap was belting out reels on a button accordion; three Aran sweaters in beards and gold-rimmed glasses played along on fiddles and flute. Two of them were English.

Near Tuam, County Galway, I called in at Bermingham, a perfectly

preserved mansion dating from 1730, where Lady Cusack-Smith takes paying guests. The former Molly O'Rourke is a famous master of foxhounds. In Westport, County Mayo, I joined the crowds visiting Westport House, seat of the Marquess of Sligo. There were dodgem cars and pinball machines in the basement and a zoo in the park. And so through Connemara among shadowy mountains and desolate bogs to Clifden and Cleggan in Galway, where my old schoolmate, the poet Richard Murphy, had just sold his modest house for \$150,000.

And still there were castles and villages to explore and the rollicking pubs of Galway, old friends to visit and new ones to make. I was happy to revisit Pat Brady and the missus. Herself was off to the doctor with a bad foot. "A wasp-sting, God help us. There's a new class of a wasp in it, d'ye see..."



PHOTOS BY DAVID NICHOLS

Ruins are "scars of a cruel history"



Westport, County Mayo: Dodgem cars, pinball machines, a zoo in the park



Hitting the road, Irish style



Even modest houses are getting expensive



Mucross House: Memories of wealth



Ask him for directions. Talk enlightens

Heritage

The case of the burgled blockhouse

The Fort Howe blockhouse replica marks Loyalist founding of Saint John. But its valuable antiques have disappeared. No one knows where

At the height of the tourist season, one of Saint John's principal attractions stands unaccountably empty. A collection of antique furnishings has vanished from the Fort Howe blockhouse, which once took visitors back in time—at least visually—to the late 18th century when the Loyalist city was founded. Set on a windswept limestone ridge high above the city's North End, the blockhouse replica held pine pieces—including a chair, table and soldier's cot of the era—handwoven blankets, old-fashioned weapons, lanterns, pewter plates and beakers. Now they're gone—and no one knows where.

Of all Saint John's historic strongholds—Fort La Tour, captured after a bloody three-day battle; Fort Frederick, burnt by American privateers; the Martello Tower, Redhead Redoubt and the Fort Howe complex—only the tower and the small blockhouse replica exist today, reminders of the turbulent past of Canada's oldest incorporated city.

The blockhouse furnishings—many originals, a few reproductions—were collected by Huia G. Ryder, who's an authority on old New Brunswick furniture, and presented to the city by the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire (IODE) as a centennial project. Today, only an empty gunrack hangs on bare walls. When the furnishings vanished is as much a mystery as how.

Elizabeth Saunders, president of the IODE's municipal chapter, asked city authorities where they were. In storage at the New Brunswick Museum, the city said. But the museum staff said they weren't. Did someone find the antiques too esthetically (or financially) interesting to resist? (There were rumors of an earlier break-in.) Or do they huddle, forgotten, in the dim corner of a warehouse? "We're not dropping the matter," Saunders says. "We raised \$5,000 towards constructing the blockhouse, and then furnished it. It was a lot of work. We're determined to find out what has happened."

Fort Howe was built during the American Revolution to protect settlers from "pirates and picaroons" who infested the Bay of Fundy and plundered the scattered farmers, fishermen

and traders and their families. After an armed sloop, captained by one A. Greene Crabtree, made off with 21 boatloads of trade goods from the Hazen, Simonds and White post at the mouth of the Saint John River in 1777, settlers and merchants demanded that Halifax authorities build them a strong new fort. The traders astutely offered a rocky ridge directly above their homes and warehouses at Portland Point.

Before the year was out, Brigade Major Gilfred Studholme arrived with pre-cut timber for a blockhouse. The instant fort later included barracks, signal station and second blockhouse. When privateer Crabtree returned to the harbor headland, he took one look at the formidable hilltop fortress and backed off.

In 1778 hundreds of Micmac and Maliseet warriors in 90 canoes paddled down the Saint John with a message



IODE's Saunders: Who's the culprit?

for the fort's commander: America is right and Old England is wrong. They meant to attack all supporters of England. The letter ended, ominously, "Adieu forever." James White, the trader, met them, alone and unarmed, at the Long Reach and persuaded chiefs and sachems to attend a grand parley at Fort Howe. On Sept. 24, 1778, they signed a peace treaty amid an uproar of cannon salutes, Indian songs and dances and exchanges of wampum and presents—clothing, knives and axes, silver ornaments. (White got the nod to supply the presents—at a price.)

In the spring of 1783 a fleet with thousands of refugee men, women and children aboard anchored near the trading post. They were Loyalists who'd backed the wrong horse—Britain—in the American War of Independence. When they saw the desolation of rocky hills and trees out of which they were to carve a city, many probably thought they'd made another error in judgment.

Public executions of criminals took place at Fort Howe and gave it its nickname—Gallows Hill. Living conditions were brutal, floggings and desertions frequent. Soldiers took refuge from piercing winds and bitter cold in alcohol and fights with settlers and Indians—especially the men of the 101st Regiment, popularly known as the Hundred and Worst.

The hill was the scene of a famous romance, too. William Cobbett, later a noted writer, radical and parliamentarian, was a 20-year-old soldier stationed at Fort Howe in 1785. He fell in love with 13-year-old Anne Reid, a sergeant's daughter, and courted her by Jenny's Spring. (The now-buried spring site is on First Street.) They separated, but later, in England, he found her and married her.

The fort gradually fell into disrepair. An observatory occupied the heights, and during the Second World War an anti-aircraft battery stood guard above merchant convoys assembling to run the North Atlantic gauntlet. Finally, in 1967, the little blockhouse replica

appeared.

On a fine day, Fort Howe is a popular place. Visitors and Saint Johners come for an unequalled view of the city and far out into the Bay of Fundy. They can still see mounted cannon, the anti-aircraft gun, try out the stocks and pillory, and wander over to the cairn that commemorates Gilfred Studholme and the Indian treaty. Occasionally someone scratches more initials, or a heart, into the timber walls and padlocked door of the empty blockhouse. It's all that's left of 200 years of history.

—Jan Forster

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when Craig's parents despaired that their youngest child would ever lead a normal, active, life again.

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Universities

An intellectual top cat heads down east

Ontario is out of options, James Eayrs says. Atlantic Canada is where he wants to be

James Eayrs, veteran public figure and experienced strategist of self-sell on the intellectual show-biz circuit, arrives for his interview "terrified." He is sure he's going to be "crucified." (After all, he's spent a lifetime studying the political tactics of others. How could he resist using a little reverse psychology himself?)

A longtime political science professor at the University of Toronto, syndicated newspaper columnist, critic of Canadian defence policy, author of several books, and former TV talk-show host (remember CBC's *Weekend?*), Eayrs has come to live in Nova Scotia. After a year as a Killam research fellow at Dalhousie University, he's switched his teaching base from Toronto to Halifax. Following the first rule-of-thumb for newcomers to a foreign land, he presents himself as a supremely agreeable fellow. He's complimentary, courteous, obliging, apparently paving the way for acceptance as a transplant to Nova Scotia, convinced that it's "where I am going to spend the rest of my life."

In the flesh, Eayrs appears to be a combination of opposites designed to add up to a high degree of personal style. His body of accomplishments is large. His domestic situation—married 30 years this September to Toronto politician and mother of their five children, Elizabeth Eayrs—is healthily old-fashioned. His position on the board of directors of the national intellectual establishment is secure. But there's more to Eayrs than that: He's willing to be slightly neurotic in public, to claim a "real soap-opera childhood," to appear tickled by the oddity of having four children well into their twenties "who just seem not to have actually left home." There's also a streak of the theatrical about him. Good for business.

With minor exceptions, Eayrs has enjoyed a life of privilege. His course has moved steadily upward since the beginning, 54 years ago in London, England. Born of a rich English mother and a rich American father, he moved to Canada and acquired an even richer stepfather in Hugh Eayrs, longtime head of Macmillan of Canada—"the founder of Canadian publishing."

The stepson grew up "disgustingly rich" in the Depression and might have

stayed that way had his mother not moved on to another husband just before he left Toronto for Halifax in 1945 to become a rating with the Canadian navy. (As it turned out, he was *the* rating who piped the abandonment order on HMCS *Comox* the day the munition dump blew up.) The navy, which once arrested him for leaving the ship without an identifying middy, left him with "a lifelong hatred for authority" but a thirst for studying it. It also paid his way through undergraduate school. A reunion with his estranged father produced the funds he used to enter graduate school at Columbia University.

Eayrs remembers the opening days of his career in political science as ones of luxury, of being one of "the chosen." His PhD was a guarantee not merely of a good job but of an illustrious future. The excitement of New York remains with him: A new United Nations fresh with optimism, the United States hitting its stride after having saved the world, Harlem swinging, and a city so safe you could walk the streets at night. Even better, Columbia was the queen of graduate schools and Eayrs in the vanguard of a field of study so new it hadn't formally been invented yet. He graduated in political theory and political philosophy. Alexander Haig was a classmate and Eayrs retains many illustrious friends from the period, including Herbert Marcuse.

Eayrs's essay on Marcuse—"The Big M"—in his *Greenpeace and Her Enemies* is as good an introduction as any to Eayrs the writer. His style is clear and elegant but what you notice most is the sense of drama with which he approaches his subject. I can't think of another writer who could keep me fascinated—12 years after the fact—with an account of General Curtis LeMay's bid to attain the vice-presidency of the United States. Whether his subject be men, movements or mistakes, Eayrs tackles it as if he's writing a suspense thriller.

But why has he moved to a university in Nova Scotia? Eayrs doesn't say a change was due. However, he has just finished the major work of his writing career—the five-volume *In Defence of Canada*—and moved on from another half-career in the national

JACK CUSANO



Eayrs: A refugee from "too-large classes"

media. He describes himself simply as "a refugee from two too-large teaching classes at University of Toronto. I heard the classes are much smaller at Dalhousie." It helps, too, that he sees Atlantic Canada as being on the way up and Ontario as "the only province in Canada with no options." But he's hedging his bets a little. He's made no plans to move his whole household down, though he has moved from an apartment hotel in Dartmouth to savor "the adventures of condominium living" in Halifax's North End. Earlier he rode the Halifax-Dartmouth ferry, complete with bicycle, almost daily and, from its deck, viewed his adopted city from almost the same vantage point as when he first saw it from the deck of the *Comox*, 35 years ago.

—Jill Cooper Robinson

Special Report

Psst! Wanna' make a movie? You won't be the only one

In all four Atlantic provinces, assorted gamblers, hustlers and artists are making films to beat the band

Flying in the face of theories about down-east investment cautiousness, Atlantic Canadians of kamikaze-like financial daring have recently taken to backing and making films: Documentary films, experimental films, animated films, satiric films, children's films, even full-length feature films. Few businesses are more risky than movie-making but Atlantic Canadian film co-ops now have more than 100 members. Moreover, small production companies and untold numbers of independent cameramen and camera-women have become the backbone of

Confederation. Jones's own project, and that of his brother Andy, is *The Adventures of Faustus Bidgood*. It's been three years in the making and is not finished yet. Newfoundland's first home-grown feature film, its financing has come in \$1,000 dollops from friends and businesses in St. John's. By July, nearly \$250,000 had gone into the film. It's about a clerk in the provincial Department of Education who, after a populist, bar-room uprising, wants to be president of Newfoundland. The film is also a love story.

Over in Prince Edward Island, a young company called Points East Productions is making and selling children's films. Points East, one of its partners says, consists of four "multi-talented friends." To avoid fighting, they rotate the presidency and, to stay afloat, they do commercials, government films, TV news. General manager Sandra Hodge says they chose to make kids' films because teachers wanted them, and "we want to be sensible with our money."

Both CBC and New Zealand TV have bought two films that Points East produced for a series called Exceptional Children. One, *Spinner Boy*, is about a boy with cerebral palsy who helps set up the photofinish camera at a racetrack; the other, *Clockworks*, is about a boy afflicted with Down's Syndrome who visits a clockmaker.

Points East is not the only small film producer to discover that, to survive, it's essential to make marketable films. Les Krizsan, a cameraman for 20 years who now has his own business in Halifax, says, "I used to be an artist film-maker and do only documentaries and freelance work, and I still do that, but there's nothing wrong with doing a few commercials, too."

Indeed, he wouldn't mind doing more. It annoys him that the big corporate citizens of Atlantic Canada—the breweries and food processors, for instance—import Toronto crews to make commercials that local professionals could make at a third the price. He blames the east-coast inferiority complex, and the fact that head offices in Toronto know nothing about the

region's film-makers. The documentary he put together for National Sea Products received a standing ovation from the board of directors, but not a contract to make the company's Captain Highliner commercials. Torontonians produce those, often in California.

Surfacing Film Productions Ltd.—the corporate name for brothers Michael, 27, and Paul Donovan, 26, of Halifax—shot a \$500,000 adventure movie last December. It's called *South Pacific 1942* and the financing mostly came from Halifax lawyers, doctors and others who—out of the goodness of their hearts, and on the advice of Malcolm Matheson—bought \$5,000-units. He's a Halifax broker who has also sold investments in Toronto and Montreal flicks. The come-on lies in federal legislation that allows fat tax writeoffs for investments in Canadian-made films.

Now the investors are eagerly waiting to see "their" film. Paul Donovan, a graduate of the London Film School, wrote and directed it. *South Pacific 1942* is a black comedy about a Canadian submarine during the Second World War. Some say that, already, "Toronto likes it," and that a distribution agreement with an American company could net the film \$5 million. One Halifax lawyer figures that means his \$5,000 investment—\$3,000 of which was a tax writeoff—will return him \$25,000 (taxable, of course). But most films don't make money and less optimistic investors wonder if the Donovans will even be able to pay off the interest on promissory notes. The Association of Canadian Radio and Television Artists was furious because the film bypassed ACTRA members, paid everyone on the production only the minimum wage. But despite losing film in an airline warehouse, *South Pacific 1942* did manage to qualify for the 1979 tax year and, this summer, the Donovans were trying to round up backers for their next film.

It's to be a \$3-million job on the story of the *I'm Alone*, a Nova Scotia rum-runner, sunk by the U.S. Coast Guard in the Gulf of Mexico in 1929. "It's a natural for a film," Paul says. His brother Michael adds, "The quintessential Maritime movie."

Independent film-makers are quietly at work in New Brunswick. They include Jon Pedersen, who made *Ski Peru*; and Rodolfe Caron, who made *Y a du bois dans ma cour* ("There's some wood in my backyard"). Recently, there's been a move to establish both English- and French-speaking co-ops in New Brunswick. Laval Goupil, a



Doyle, Jones: Fun with the Pope

what Halifax film-maker Bill MacGillivray calls "an indigenous film-making industry."

Mike Jones, 36, a swashbuckling member of the Newfoundland Independent Film Makers Co-op (NIFCO), says, "Films should grow out of their own ground," and in Newfoundland, the rock grows some funny ones. *Extraordinary Visitor*—"perpetrated by" NIFCO president John Doyle—is all about the Pope sending John the Baptist to Newfoundland to investigate the province's seduction into

MANNY BUCHHEIT

Canada Council regional representative, says the growth in French cinema is "spectacular," and that the buzz of activity in Atlantic Canada has coincided with the decentralization of the National Film Board. The board opened bureaus in Halifax and Moncton in '74.

Among the co-ops, growing pains afflict both the Association Acadienne du Cinema in Moncton and Le Co-operative des Artisans du Cinema en Maréville in Edmundston. Goupil says many co-op members are NFB employees and that, to improve working relationships, some guidelines are needed. Meanwhile, Charles MacLellan of the fledgling New Brunswick Film Makers Co-op is working on *The Maliseet*. It's about the life and memories of Peter Paul, 78, a Maliseet who lives on the shores of the Saint John River, and both the National Museum of Man and the Indian Affairs Department are helping fund it.

The oldest co-op in Atlantic Canada—and the second-oldest in all Canada—is the Atlantic Film Makers Co-op, founded in Halifax in '73. If you drop in, you'll find a blur of activity as would-be film-makers borrow Super-8 cameras, cut footage, eat lunch, shout their ideas. The co-op has a workshop program that introduces schoolchildren to film, animation, TV advertising techniques. Workshop co-ordinator Cordell Wynne thinks children are already "in a post-literate state" and need media education. Duane Dingle, 13, of Spryfield, N.S., and his 14-year-old sound wizard Mathew Allan decided to get their own on-the-job training. They're making *Star Children*, an animated, sci-fi flick, complete with laser battles.

The Atlantic Film Makers Co-op has organized a national tour of productions by its own members, and this October when the tour comes home, Atlantic Canadians will see a variety of films that truly grew "out of their own ground." The films include *Aerial View*—described by film critic Peter Harcourt as "a mini-masterpiece...a supreme justification of regional filmmaking"—and *Rubber Madness*. It's about the zany sport of floating down Nova Scotia's Gaspereaux River in huge inner tubes.

Among the production companies that former members of the co-op have founded are Picture Plant (Bill MacGillivray, Lionel Simmons, Gordon Parsons), and Doomsday Studios Ltd. Picture Plant says it's "dedicated to the production of real Canadian motion pictures and not Canadian imitations of American crap," recently got \$40,000 from the Canada Council to make a film about a Newfoundland-born journalist in B.C. who goes up the road by train to his home province.

Doomsday is that rare thing in Atlantic Canada: A company that makes animated films. If its name defies common sense with a swagger, so perhaps does Ramona Macdonald, who founded the company in '78. "My friends said I was crazy when I started," she says. "There were no animators and no demand for animated films in this area. But we've been able to train ourselves to a professional standard, and to attract talented animators like Floyd Gillis and Chris Hinton." Hinton once did animation for *Sesame Street*. Doomsday has done work for the CBC, National Film Board and the Atlantic Film Makers Co-op. It's completed six films, one of which was an animated history of Prince Edward Island employing the work of folk artist Alfred Morrison.

The Atlantic Canadian film boom is really a boomlet. It's dependent on government grants and a government tax incentive. Since the industry's condition is delicate, local film-makers resent Nova Scotia's campaign to attract

Hollywood producers. The province set aside \$30,000 for the second year of a joint pilot project with ACTRA to get American producers to choose bluenose locations. Film resources officer Marcelle Gibson has been location-scouting for a haunted house for Henry Beckman, a Halifax-born actor (the TV series *Peyton Place*), who wants to make a horror film. Location-scouting for an outfit that wanted "200 fit Indians who wouldn't have to travel" resulted in an agreement for a 1981 film date at the Eskasoni Reserve in Cape Breton.

Local film-makers feel sponsorship of American films is a betrayal. On the other hand, some private production companies feel Nova Scotia's budget for this kind of promotion is so puny it's useless. Moreover, others wonder what California mogul would be crazy enough to trade his own weather for ours. In Atlantic Canada, you don't have to be crazy to try the film business, but maybe it doesn't hurt, either.

—Jennifer Henderson



Les Krizsan's camera captures Al MacGillivray, Bill Pappas in *South Pacific* 1942

Fiddle fever on the Island

It started with a fiddling priest who hated to play alone. Now they're dusting off fiddles and tunes that haven't been heard for years

He reminds you of all the Prince Edward Island fiddlers you've ever seen sawing out "Redwing" and "Maple Sugar" in dusty country halls: A cigarette hangs from the corner of his mouth; he half-slouches in a plywood chair, cool and graceful as a cat. Beside Buddy Dunn's rhythmically tapping foot, though, there's a huge

hear "Redwing" or Don Messer's "Breakdown" here tonight. These fiddlers are part of a renaissance of old-time music on Prince Edward Island. On their music stands are stacks of strathspeys, reels, marches, hornpipes and jigs, the kind of music Irish and Scottish pioneers brought over in their memory banks more than a century ago.

Rev. Faber MacDonald founded the fiddlers' society four years ago. He's a fiddling priest who has since become Bishop of Grand Falls, Nfld. (and incorporated the fiddle as a symbol on his bishop's coat of arms). MacDonald said he was tired of playing alone; he wanted to bring Island fiddlers together for the joy of fiddling in unison. He started the revival of a traditional art that had been dying on the Island. Neil MacCannell, the society's first president, estimates that there are about 100 more Islanders playing old-time fiddle than there were five years ago. Some are novices; others are veteran fiddlers whose instruments have been languishing for years in attics and storerooms. Some fiddlers, MacCannell says, have increased their repertoire of tunes 10 to 100 times.

Society members hold weekly practice sessions at four Island centres, sponsor lessons to teach fiddlers how to read music, perform at countless concerts and parties and benefit dances. This summer, the fiddlers held their third annual open-air festival at Rollo Bay, an event that attracts thousands of music-lovers every year. By fall, they'll release their first record album. Throughout the year, there's a lot of visiting back and forth with Cape Breton fiddlers. Ernie Poole, the society's current president, says the group "frowns" on the Don Messer style of fiddling, "not that there's anything wrong with it, really." Poole started playing the fiddle 62 years ago, but it is only through the society, he says, that he has been exposed to a wide range of Celtic music. The tunes are sometimes described as "Cape Breton music." But, as Bishop MacDonald points out in the society's newsletter, *The Island Fiddler*, they are also part of the P.E.I. heritage. In Cape Breton, the authenticity of the Scottish fiddle has been guarded through generations;

on the Island, where Don Messer-style playing eclipsed traditional fiddlers, the old Scottish music was almost lost.

Poole says another factor was the boom in guitars in the past couple of decades. He got his first fiddle at age eight (he was so "desperately interested" in the music, he tried to make a fiddle of his own), and a neighbor helped him learn to play. By age 10, he was earning pocket money at community dances. During the 22 years he worked in Halifax, first in the car business and then with a building construction firm, he let his interest in old-time music slide. Now he says he's a better musician than ever. He started taking society-sponsored music lessons three years ago, and he can now learn new tunes by sight. Poole travels more than 100 miles every week just to practise with other fiddlers in Montague, Rollo Bay and Charlottetown. "I miss none of them," he says. "I'm retired, and it's a hobby for me. I get a great deal of good out of it."

At a recent Thursday night practice in Parkdale, Margaret MacKinnon, a nurse who has been accompanying old-time fiddlers since her school days, was at the upright piano. There were four women fiddlers, including a violinist from the P.E.I. Symphony Orchestra. Lyle Boswell, a 77-year-old Marshfield farmer who took up the fiddle at age 70, played an instrument his ancestors brought over from Scotland 133 years ago. Merlin Longaphie, a Village Green veterinarian, was there with his son, Merlie, the society's youngest member. Longaphie is another musician who dusted off a long-idle violin. "There's no way I'd be at it again if it wasn't for this society," he says.

Bishop MacDonald started the society by calling a meeting in Charlottetown of all the fiddlers he could think of. Then groups started forming in Souris, Summerside and Montague. "It caught on really fast," says MacCannell. "And it all should be attributed to Bishop MacDonald. He's like a magnet; he draws people toward him, and all people seem to learn to love him." The bishop's departure for Newfoundland last February left a vacuum in the group. He led the music, gave pep talks, encouraged fiddlers to share tunes and skills and even counselled members with problems. At the very least, the society needs a conductor. What it also needs, Poole says, are more young members. "If the young people ever caught hold of this, it would go like wildfire," he says. "This is a really fun thing."

—Marian Bruce



LIONEL STEVENSON

Ernie Poole first fiddled back in 1918

portfolio of sheet music. And a whole orchestra of 25 fiddlers (Fred McCullough on harmony) is filling the hall with the slow, sweet strains of an old Scottish air, "Rosebud of Allenvale."

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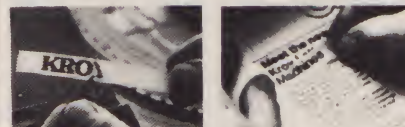
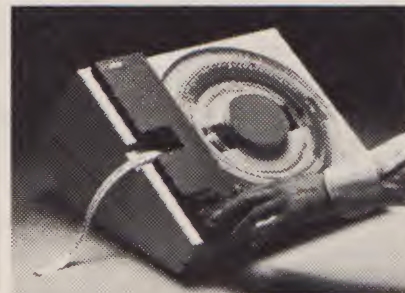
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Literature

The "dangerous" life of a first-class poet

He's Des Walsh, a Newfoundlander who explores the "places most people refuse to acknowledge"

I've only now realized how dangerous what I'm doing is." The perilous thing Des Walsh does is write poems. Walsh tends to speak, as he writes, in arresting, lyrical, often puzzling phrases.

*Poetry, like love,
like death,
is something
I know nothing
about*

*other than
all three*

*should be
approached
with the utmost
caution.*

He doesn't explain what he means by dangerous, but he probably means dangerous to himself because he occasionally

Words can hurt

drags himself to the brink of insanity to get to the end of a verse. For the same reason, he's also dangerous to read and to know. His poems are lean personal statements, at times impenetrably private, but somehow, like all good poems, they can deliver a slap in the face or kick in the gut.

*Wake me
when it is time to leave
I will wrap myself in seaweed
and let the sun solder me
to the rocks
I need to know
if the moon really does
change the tides.*

Des Walsh was born and lives in St. John's. Except among his friends who worry that, at 25, he drinks too much, and among the self-absorbed world of Newfoundland artists, he is not a famous person. His third book of poems, *Seasonal Bravery*, has just been published. It should be read more widely than it probably will be. (Breakwater Books, knowing poetry doesn't often make the best-seller list, has published a scant 1,000 copies. Walsh's book is one of the first four in a new Breakwater series called Canada's

Atlantic Poets.) His fans and promoters include Harold Horwood, Margaret Laurence and a lone Newfoundland teacher who, without knowing Walsh, has been fighting to get his work included in a high-school anthology.

"I am intensely brave and intensely cowardly," Walsh says of the phrase that entitles the collection. "That makes for a very interesting life."

*Can we go further
than we've gone
past the parades
and the screaming crowds
to a place where
there is no punctuation
and no two moments
are the same
to the ocean perhaps
for there are
no grammatical errors
at the bottom of the sea*

The flow and strength of his writing are like the fiddle playing he learned from his father and just about everything else he does: Intuitive, not book-learned. Walsh stayed in school barely long enough to learn to read and write. When he was 13, his mother died and he quit school shortly after. Since then, with only Grade 9 on paper and not a lot of patience for the world's pace, he's lived by the seat of his pants. His first collection of poems was published when he was 15, another at 17. "I wouldn't even want their names mentioned now," he says. "To get published so early was fantastic for my ego, but then I realized I was a terrible poet." In those heady times, he threatened to harm an older writer's wife and children if the other writer gave his book a bad review. Delicacy is not one of Walsh's outstanding qualities; directness is.

*There between the trees
we confronted our reflection
until death's first whisper
turned its back on our history*

Death does not whisper twice

Once, to make money, he tried offering a poetry-writing course through the university extension service. Only two people signed up, so the

course was canned. Most of the aspiring poets had gone instead for a course called "Poetry: 10 possible approaches." Walsh has a good laugh over that title. "If someone would tell me the nine other approaches, I would be most grateful." Then his face turns suddenly sober, angry, worn. "My approach is me head against the wall, a knife in me hand. That's all I know."

*Yes you can touch me here
far from my mother's breast
and the plum trees on Hamilton Avenue
for here memory meets memory
and passion has no need of legend
only the sound of blood against the
insult
and flesh against the rumor.
But I cannot hold you any tighter;
old men in the confines of their horror
would awaken moist and cold
broken and flaccid against the savagery
of age.*

Confessing a painful private vision in a community hooked on folklore, provincial nationalism and memoirs of the good old days has not been easy. "There is nowhere else in the world as beautiful to me as Newfoundland," Walsh says, "but art cannot be regional. I was actually afraid a couple of years ago that no one here would publish my work, that I'd have to deal with Toronto, because I didn't fit the image Newfoundland had created for itself." Still, "I couldn't live anywhere else and work." He doesn't reject Newfoundland's roots movement; he's an active part of it. He's keeping centuries-old Irish-Newfoundland songs alive in a traditional-music group called Tickle Harbour. (It's named for the Trinity Bay settlement his father comes from, although "progressive" officials changed the place to Bellevue years ago.) Walsh is also compiling a biography of one of Newfoundland's prolific balladeers. But art is another matter. "Passion—that's the essence of poetry," he says. "I can't get passion from a lobster pot."

*It's hard being here
when the war is raging
in the hearts of men and women.
The streets run red with love.*

Stubbornly, joyfully, Walsh goes places most people refuse to acknowledge. "I'm trying to deal with the human spirit, that suppressed agony in relationships between men and women."

— Amy Zierler

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Photography

He's the Beaverbrook of news photography

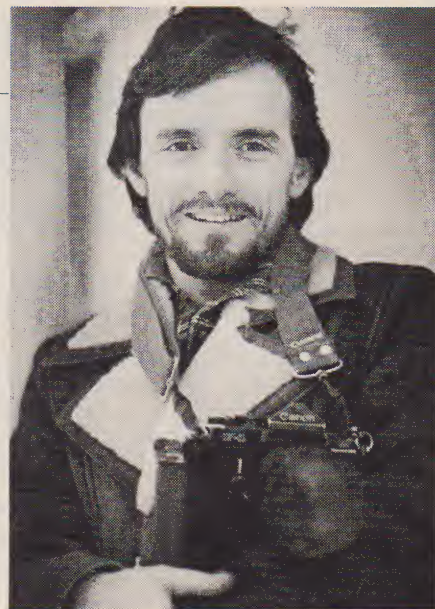
Bill Brennan, a boy from the Miramichi, may just be Canada's best. Look at his work

If Lord Beaverbrook were alive today, he'd probably be one of Bill Brennan's biggest fans. Like Beaverbrook, Brennan is a boy from New Brunswick's Miramichi area who left home early to find work and ended up finding fame.

He found it in the fiercely competitive, rough-and-tumble world of big-time journalism. Brennan is just 30, and still polishing his formidable reputation as one of Canada's best news photographers.

Already the subject of a documentary film and several university theses on the art of the photojournalist, Brennan has won piles of national and in-

For Trudeau, an unguarded moment....



EDWARD O'REILLY

....and for Brennan, another rare photo



ternational awards. He's also staged several successful photo exhibitions. His work adorns the covers of current books about Pierre Trudeau and Joe Clark, and was featured in John Diefenbaker's memoirs as well as a recent *People* magazine spread about Margaret Trudeau.

"Anyone can take a picture," Brennan explains, "but the thing is, you have to be different. You have to train your eye to see all the possibilities, to see past the obvious, to always try to make it better."

Brennan has been doing just that since 1972 when he bought his first \$10 camera to take some snapshots of his twin sister, Mary Lou, who'd come to visit him in Montreal. At the time, he was scuffling around the city picking up odd jobs in industrial plants and trying to figure out what he wanted to do with the rest of his life. As soon as he took his first picture, he knew.



In the commonplace, he finds the bizarre

He quickly signed up for a photography course and did so well the school hired him as a teacher. What he really wanted, however, was to work for a newspaper. Unable to land a job with any of the Montreal papers—they all had waiting lists of more than 50 would-be photographers looking for work—Brennan hitch-hiked to Ottawa, began hanging out at Canadian Press headquarters. For a year, he put in 18 to 20 hours a day at CP, scrambling for whatever freelance assignments he could land. Then the *Ottawa Journal* hired him as a staff photographer. He's never looked back.

After six and a half years with both the *Journal* and its larger rival, the *Ottawa Citizen*, Brennan was lured away by the United Press of Canada, a new

wire service, to open up and operate its western Canada office. Eighteen months later, the Edmonton *Sun* knocked on his door and asked him to become its picture editor and chief photographer.

Though he's now the desk boss in charge of five photographers for the *Sun*, a splashy, photo-filled tabloid, Brennan still makes sure he can hive off time to do what he likes best—take pictures. "Man, am I tired," he said, after two hectic days covering a huge forest fire, "but I got some great pictures." Brennan says, "I've always loved challenges and I don't know anything more challenging than photojournalism. What you did yesterday is—in one

sense, anyway—nothing. You always have today and you have to go out and produce today. It's always today."

But many of his photographs—even the up-against-the-deadline, on-the-fly shots that are the necessary stock in trade of the newspaper photographer—transcend their original purpose as illustrations of events. "I look for pictures that tell a story," Brennan says, "that tell a lot more than what you see or, at least, what you see at first glance."

Brennan's quick climb up the journalistic ladder undoubtedly was given a boost by his relaxed, easy-going manner. It helped him strike up

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Photography

friendships with public figures as diverse as Margaret Trudeau and John Diefenbaker. Brennan, in fact, was the Chief's favorite photographer. Diefenbaker once agreed to open a photography exhibition Brennan had organized at Ottawa city hall only on the condition that Brennan act as his chauffeur for the ceremony. Brennan happily agreed.

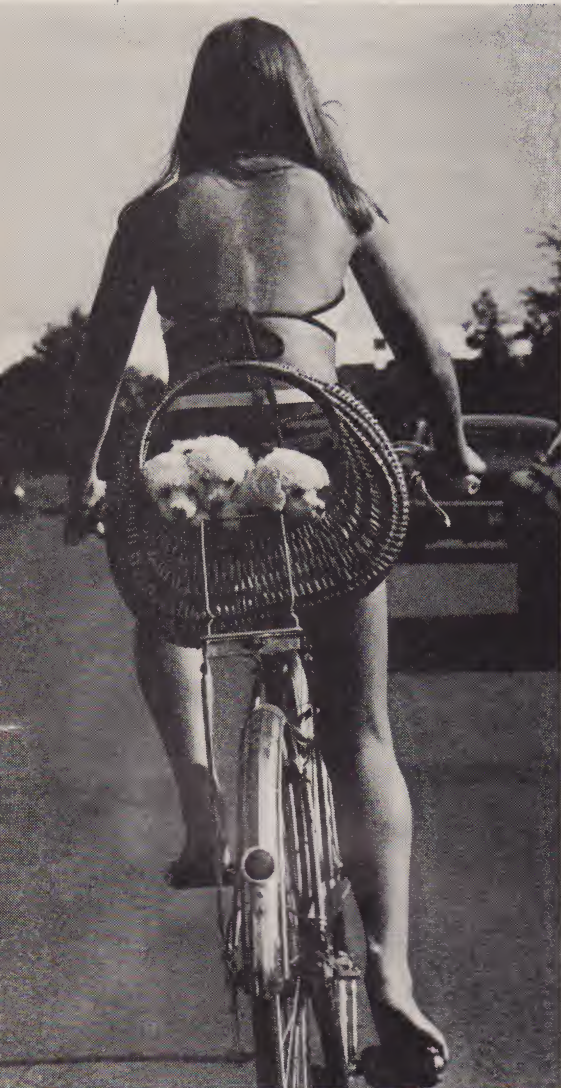
He says he expects to spend another 18 months with the *Sun* before looking for another challenge. "Eventually," he says, "I hope to be a publisher. I've proven myself in several aspects of journalism in the past 10 years, so I think I can handle publishing. I've mentioned to some people that I'd like to be a publisher, and they told me that, among other things, I'll have to be a writer." He doesn't miss a beat. "Maybe I will. If I have to, I can learn that too."

That other Miramichi boy, Lord Beaverbrook, would have been proud.

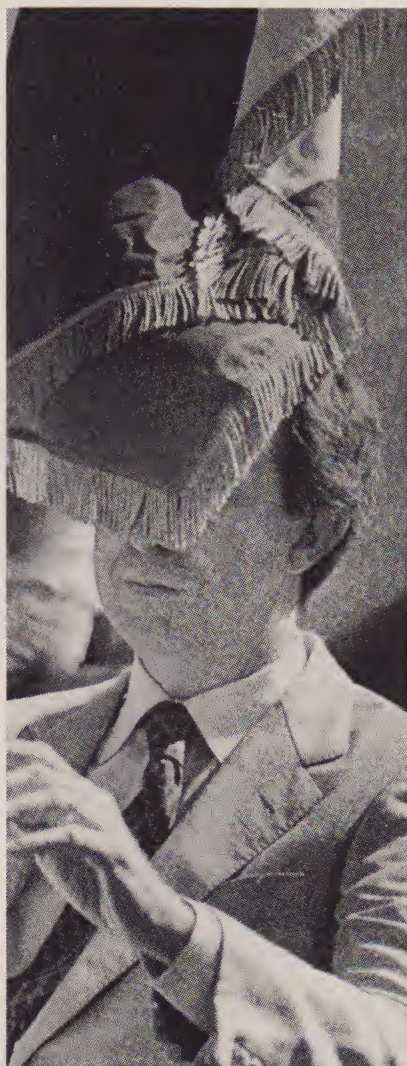
—Dave Butler



Smack! In Brennan's biz, you're only as good as your last photo



Bike, pups, and the spirit of summer



At a church cornerstone-laying, flag drapes Joe Clark's face. Brennan was there

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Flashback

It took a battle cruiser to carry Churchill home

And with him, his darling daughter Mary

Now she's Lady Soames, wife of the Briton who guided Zimbabwe from white to black rule and author of a recent best-seller on her mother, Winston Churchill's beloved Clemmie. Not long ago she appeared on the CBC's *Front Page Challenge* and wowed Gordon Sinclair with her beautiful blue eyes. In 1943 she was Mary Churchill, a pretty, dark-haired subaltern in a British anti-aircraft regiment and a rare, sparkling star in the dark skies of the Second World War. Just before her 21st birthday, she came to Halifax as aide-de-camp to her father during the Allies' first Quebec Conference and a visit to President Roosevelt in the U.S.A.

It was a glittering, memorable hour in Halifax's war. Prime Minister and Mrs. Churchill, Mary and a staff of some 200 arrived on the liner *Queen Mary* August 9. "In spite of all the precautions about secrecy," Churchill recorded, "large crowds were assembled." They thronged about his train and, "I made them sing 'The Maple Leaf' and 'O Canada.'" Underestimating, he "feared they did not know 'Rule Britannia.'" Then his party was off to Quebec.

Twenty days later the giant battle cruiser *Renown* docked at Halifax to await the Churchills and take them home. For 16 days festivities crackled. The Battle of the Atlantic was three months past its final crisis. Italy surrendered amid Allied landings on its mainland. An atmosphere of celebration spread like wildfire.

Ten thousand Haligonians swarmed over *Renown*. There were parades, parties, picnics, ceremonies, dances. One dance was a lavish "full-peacetime" affair on the warship's quarterdeck. The crew, her captain reported, was "almost overwhelmed" by hospitality. The indefatigable Mrs. C.S. McEuen was in her glory at her Ajax Hospitality Centre. *Renown's* boatswain was so carried away that he "created a disturbance ashore" and eventually had to be left behind. Two sailors got VD and a ship's test of black-market liquor



Halifax, 1943: "Bon voyage," Churchills

bared intimidating contents: Crude alcohol, iodine and calcium carbide!

Then on September 14, the inevitable cigar in his mouth, Churchill arrived by special train. He was "deeply anxious" over German resistance to the ultimately successful Allied landing at Salerno, Italy. Rear-Admiral L.W. Murray, commander-in-chief, Canadian Northwest Atlantic, greeted Churchill. Somehow one of the prime minister's cigar stubs ended up with Murray's steward who, Murray's son Hugh recalled, "made a packet" in selling it. In fact, Hugh suspected, the steward may well have "manufactured additional stubs to cash in on a good racket."

Already a map room had been set up in *Renown* and a 10-woman staff of Wrens (Women's Royal Naval Service) had arrived to handle ciphers and signals. Churchill soon had them hopping, but took time out to stand with Mary and join farewell crowds in singing "O Canada" and "Auld Lang Syne" as the ship's band played. She sailed at 3 p.m. It took six days to reach Scotland, and one episode could have turned them into tragedy. Leaning over the taffrail, Mary was struck by a great wave and swept across the deck. Only a rail upright saved her. Drenched, shaken, she kept the incident from her father till later.

Otherwise, it was a happy time. Churchill says his male secretary courted a Wren, "a most beautiful girl," and won her hand. The prime minister wanted to go faster, but the captain had to abide by orders to make repeated zigzagging rendezvous. But Churchill enjoyed the "whine of the shells" as he joined with gunner Mary in target practices.

She captivated the crew. On her birthday there was a big cake with 21 electric candles. The crew ransacked the bookstall for cards and gave her various gifts. One was a kitten found on the mess decks, scrubbed and adorned with a ribbon. Churchill liked the cat too, and allowed it to finish the boiled salmon on his dinner plate. When it later strayed, damage control parties retrieved it.

Amid much socializing, Mary held an at-home, replied to a toast at a special dinner, danced, visited among the crew, got technical training ordered by her father—and tried her hand at literary composition. The British parliamentarian-wit A.P. Herbert was on an accompanying warship, and he dipped into Greek mythology to compose the following message for Churchill and his wife.

*Respectful salutes and greetings.
Return Ulysses, soon to show the
secrets of your splendid bow. Return
and make all riddles plain to anxious
ITHACA again. And you Penelope
the true, who have begun to wander
too, we're glad to meet you on the
foam and hope to see you safely home.*

It apparently took some research in *Renown's* information centre but, in time, back went Mary's response:

*Ulysses and Pempy too
Return their compliments to you.
They too are glad to wend their way
Homewards to ITHACA, after a
stay
With friends from where the land is
bright
And spangled stars gleam all the
night.
And when he's mastered basic Greek
Ulysses to the world can speak
About the plots and plane and
bases
Conferred upon in foreign places.
We thank you from our hearts
today
For guarding us upon our way.*

*To chide these simple rhymes be
chary,
They are the first attempts of Mary.*

To which Herbert replied:

*TELEMACHA, the sailors send
their greetings to a fighting friend. The
major adds a smart salute to any lady
who can shoot. And I, poor scribbler,
must give place to one who writes with
such a grace. Why not be (when Mr.
Masefield's passed) a Lady Laureate at
last?*

Mary quit when she was still ahead.

—Douglas How

Flashback

The day Canada joined Cape Breton Island

The causeway opened just 25 years ago, and a hot time was had by all

The day was sticky but 40,000 spectators, mopping foreheads with hankies, didn't seem to mind. They'd journeyed from cities, towns and villages, some from as far off as California, to witness the biggest extravaganza in Nova Scotia history: The opening of the Canso causeway linking Cape Breton Island to the North American continent. Twenty-five years ago this Aug. 13, and what a day it was! Sydney's *Post-Record* called it "poignant and pulsating drama all the way...an event drenched with traditional Scottish pageantry and fanfare signaling a triumphal achievement destined to write another important chapter in the illustrious history of the Canadian nation."

Heady words on a heady day. It hadn't come easily. Cape Breton had pleaded and lobbied for nearly 70 years to get a permanent structure across the 18-mile strait that connects the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Atlantic Ocean. A car- and train-carrying ferry had been taking passengers and cargo across for generations, but increased traffic made the system painfully inadequate. Some said a causeway couldn't be built. How would it stand the clobbering of spring ice and the fast-flowing tides? Engineers answered the doubters with one of the world's biggest causeways. It was 80 feet wide and, in spots, 200 feet deep. The \$123-million structure of rock—10 million tons of it—blasted from Porcupine Mountain was a triumph of both engineering and community action.

If not for Cape Breton's persistence, politicians might still be promising the causeway at election time and bureaucrats might still be studying its feasibility. The driving force behind the causeway was Premier Angus L. Macdonald. He died before the opening and his absence caused the day's only touch of sadness. He'd predicted 100 pipers would march across the causeway. Nearly 600 did.

They were an impressive sight and even then-premier Henry Hicks, who says he's "not generally a fan of the pipes," called the celebration "quite a stirring event." One piper, Jack

MacIsaac, now Municipal Affairs minister, remembers "a fair amount of confusion." The mishmash of provincial bands couldn't squeeze in a group practice and when they marched across, playing *The Road to the Isles*, they were out of kilter. Some played fast, others slow. Near the end of the S-shaped "ribbon of granite" they got their huge act together. The crowds loved it. Some were too excited to wait their turn, and wriggled in after the 100 pipers, cutting off other pipers and dignitaries. Only the radio reporters from away seemed distressed.

Tape recorders cued, they awaited the bagpipes but, thanks to the confusion, the pipers didn't pipe till the bands had swung past the press box and approached the main platform. Sydney photographer John Abbass, clunked on the head that day by an Upper Canadian's camera, says the visiting reporters and photographers scooped the locals because they didn't mind pushing and shoving. After all, they didn't have to live here later.

But for most people, such as Dr. George Fraser of Halifax—then a 14-year-old piper—the celebration was simply "the most spectacular thing to be part of." Spectators picnicked in farmers' fields, sat in trees, filled every patch of nearby land. One of the few unpeopled spots was atop scarred Porcupine Mountain. It soon became the centre of another kind of attention.

It was the cause of a nasty court battle over compensation. The fight was between its owner, former lieutenant-governor Alistair Fraser, and the Crown, and the case dragged on into the Sixties. It went to the Supreme Court in '63, and Fraser wound up with about half of the more than \$1 million he claimed. Former premier Henry Hicks says Fraser "didn't make his big play" until his term as lieutenant-governor had ended, and that "he didn't start importuning me until I ceased to be premier." If bad feelings existed earlier, they weren't aired on opening day (though Fraser's name was not on the official program).

The dignitaries kept their speeches short. Some say C.D. Howe, the federal

minister of Trade and Commerce, stole the show, but others remembered the touching speech of Angus L. Macdonald's widow: "For let it be remembered, and let it never be forgotten, that without his [her husband's] dreams and his determination, there would not be The Road to the Isles for us to officially open here today."

Angus L.'s brother, Rev. Stanley Macdonald, spoke in Gaelic and, though few understood him, everyone applauded. Even Howe applauded, though days later, when he saw a translation, he fumed. Father Macdonald, advocate of provincial power, had roundly attacked the feds.

Howe cut the tartan ribbon at 2:35 p.m. with a two-edged broadsword from the Battle of Culloden. Seconds later, an RCAF plane zoomed overhead, dipped its wings. Guns from the cruiser *Quebec* boomed out a tribute. The causeway was open. The official party headed to an outdoor reception that the Port Hawkesbury branch of



And they said it couldn't be done

the Canadian Legion organized. The women's auxiliary set up home-baked goodies under marquees, and a massive, causeway-shaped cake arrived from Sydney. Liquor flowed freely and Lloyd Urquhart of Port Hawkesbury, who manned the bar, remembers that one of his first customers was a "pretty well drained" C.D. Howe.

Meanwhile, the causeway had become a pavilion of hotdogs, pop, traffic snarls. RCMP untangled hundreds of bumper-jammed cars, reunited parents and kids. Neither they nor the pipers and visitors in kilts had dressed for the heat. As the *Post-Record* said, it was "probably the first time that proud Scots threw envious glances at Americans, dressed in Bermuda shorts."

— Roma Senn

Sports

Bert Squires: The power and the glory of lifting beat back bitterness

He nearly quit when Canada boycotted the Moscow Olympics. Now he's training again—and looking to Los Angeles in '84

Like a soldier trying to believe what he is about to do is for somebody's good, Bert Squires tells himself he hates that steel bar at his feet more than anything in the world. The bar links more than 400 pounds of dead weight and Squires will fight it by wrapping his steady hands around it and lifting it high over his head. For the few seconds he sweats and heaves against twice his own weight, Squires can't remember that he's one of the world's elite of power lifters. He doesn't have time to think at all, only to attack that bar. That means he can forget about not having a job and about not getting along with his girlfriend back in Grand Bank, Nfld.

As he headed into the summer of the Olympic boycott, the summer which was supposed to have been his peak, Bert Squires found it hard to contain his bitterness. Canada's amateur athletes, he felt, were the scapegoats for a gutless, hypocritical foreign policy which forced "a few hundred people stupid enough to devote themselves to sport" to pay the price for the rest of us. "I get so mad when I hear the news," Squires says, "and one minute they're talking about the boycott and the next thing they're screaming to keep the Russian planes at Gander."

Even after he had shaken off the initial blues and changed his mind about retiring from international competition, Squires had a lot of quarrels with the world. Since he'd decided to combine a full-time job with rigorous training, he was having a tough time getting work. The mountains of records and medals, testimony to his extraordinary determination and physical strength, didn't give him an edge in getting hired. Neither did the six years he spent at Memorial University getting two education degrees. That hurt. "It's strange," he says. "You're a national athlete but if you don't have a job, you're still a bum."

"My family has always been strong," Squires says. At 5'10", 220 lbs., 25-year-old Bert is definitely the strongest Squires. That's because he

decided to throw himself completely into lifting. He got his first set of weights when he was 13 and trying to build himself up after a stint in a post-operative body cast.

Squires worked out with his younger brother Jim in a basement space cleared among ropes and boat-building gear. Within the year, his father, customs officer for the entry point from the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, drove the boys the 225 miles to St. John's for a provincial meet. They didn't win any-



In lifting, you know exactly where you are thing then but in 1971 Squires was in St. John's again, and this time he won his weight class (165 lbs.).

Squires has climbed swiftly—and almost entirely on his own. He qualified for the Canadian championships in 1974. In the Olympic year 1976, he placed third in the country and started looking toward Moscow. He spent 1978 and 1979 teaching in Englee, a small settlement on the east coast of the Northern Peninsula, training alone in a tiny room above the school's showerstalls.

That May he went again to the

Canadian championships and surprised himself with his performance after a winter's isolation. "When everyone else had finished, I was just getting started," says Squires. National coach Aldo Roy took notice and in July, just one year before Moscow, Squires went with the Canadian team to the Pan-American Games in Puerto Rico. The coach didn't pick Squires for the up-front competition on that trip, but realized afterward he should have. Lifting unofficially, in the back room, the young man from Grand Bank outdid his personal best and, had the lifts been official, would have won Canada three medals. At world cham-

pionships in Greece two months later, he set a new Canadian snatch record, then edged that record at a contest in Pennsylvania in January.

Squires decided to drop his post-graduate work at Memorial and spend the rest of the winter in Ottawa, training full-time with Aldo Roy. The Pan-Am Games in Cuba in May were supposed to be his last big contest before the Olympics but before the team left, Canadian participation in the boycott became official. Squires placed second and broke two more Canadian records, but he came home convinced he had been through the mental and physical wringer of international competition for the last time.

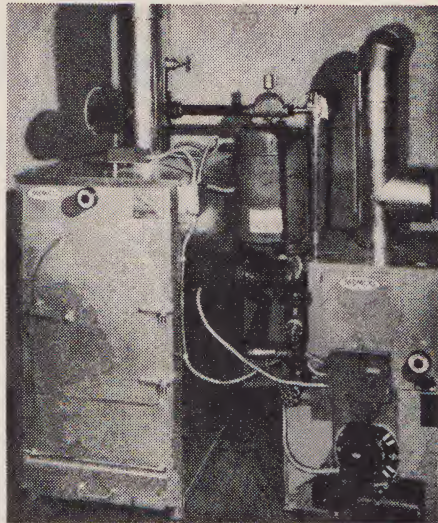
But back in Grand Bank, Bert Squires was a hero. An old friend who worked at the liquor store drove around town with a full-page article on him taped to the back window of his truck. His family was proud. He went down to the basement and did a little workout, then a little more. In two weeks, he was feeling good again and even thinking about Los Angeles, 1984.

"Anyone who gets involved in a sport the way I have, I consider it an addiction," Squires says. "Lifting is so completely objective. You know exactly where you are all the time." The addiction has proved stronger than the frustrations.

—Amy Zierler

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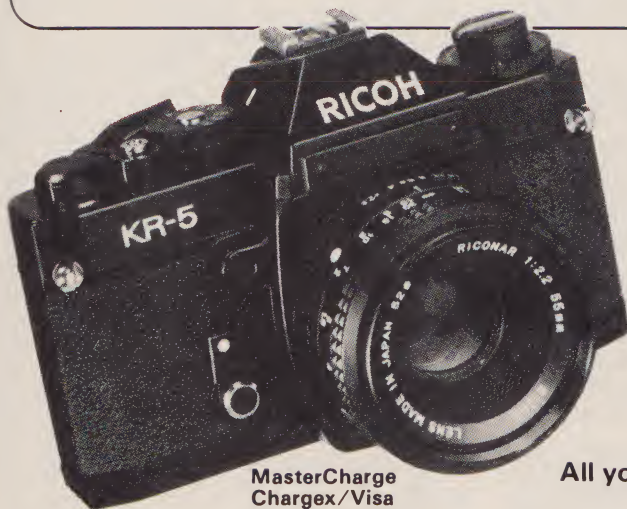
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A18

A ferry from Cape Breton to P.E.I.? It makes sense

For Eric MacEwen of North Rustico, P.E.I., the worst ferry episode occurred one Friday afternoon in the summer of '77. He was returning home from Cape Breton with his wife, their six-year-old son, and several pets. At 2:30 p.m., they arrived at the Caribou, N.S., ferry dock to find a huge line of vehicles waiting for passage. As day wore into evening, it became obvious that the MacEwens were going to spend another night in Nova Scotia.

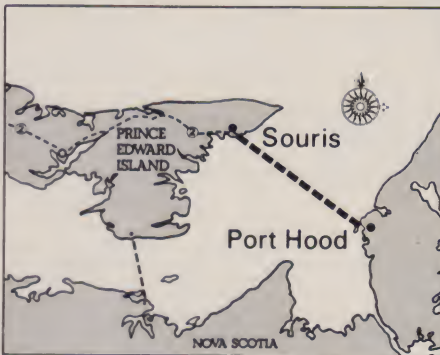
MacEwen struck up a conversation with a middle-aged couple whose camper pickup was next to his car in line. "There's a kind of comradery that develops as you're waiting," MacEwen explains. "People brought together by their mutual hatred of the ferry." When they saw how crowded MacEwen's car was, the couple invited him to sleep in the back of their camper. The arrangement would have worked fine, except for the strangers' teen-age son. "He had the wickedest smelling feet I ever ran up against," MacEwen recalls. "His parents were aware of the situation and they made him sleep with his feet out the window, but it was still almost unbearable." The MacEwens finally reached Wood Island at 10:30 the next morning.

Perhaps MacEwen's experience was an extreme example of the indignities visited upon Island ferry users, but virtually every Islander has experienced some ferry-related horror story. Almost from the day the first ferry sailed between Wood Island and Caribou in 1940, the service has been overcrowded. Every traveller who has watched in seething frustration as the evening's last boat pulled away without him has wondered why there aren't more ferries serving P.E.I.

That question is being asked more often lately, especially in western Cape Breton and eastern Prince Edward Island, where municipal leaders have been promoting a new route to link Souris, P.E.I., with Port Hood, Cape Breton. The idea isn't new. In '65, promoters chartered a longliner for a voyage between the two ports. The trip featured a symbolic exchange of P.E.I. potatoes for Cape Breton coal. Last year, the Inverness county council

asked the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council to look into the feasibility of such a route. APEC's executive vice-president, Jim McNiven, says the organization took "an initial, very quick and rather superficial look at the thing....It's intriguing and it probably ought to be looked at closely. That was as far as we could go."

The APEC study envisioned a 65-car ferry making two round-trips a day between June 15 and September 5. The 38-mile voyage would take three hours. Fares would be three times those charged on the Wood Island-Caribou run, or about \$22 per car. (At this rate, a driver travelling from Charlottetown to Sydney would achieve a slight saving if he computed the total operating cost for the 80 miles of highway eliminated by the Souris-Port Hood route.)



Overnight berthing would be in Souris, where the vessel would use the Magdalen Islands ferry dock. A new terminal at Port Hood might cost \$3 to \$4 million. APEC planners suggested a new British technology for portable docking facilities might achieve substantial savings. In such a system, cars roll on and off the ferry on a floating barge, which could be towed to an ice-free area (the Strait of Canso) during the winter.

APEC estimated that if a Port Hood-Souris ferry had operated in '77, it would have lost about \$750,000. That figure might seem discouragingly high but it's lower than the deficit incurred by a comparable vessel on the Caribou-Wood Island run. (It costs Ottawa \$24 million a year to subsidize P.E.I. ferries.) The real question, according to APEC, is whether the economic benefits of such a ferry out-

weigh the subsidy.

Aside from the direct employment a ferry would provide, boosters say the most important advantage of the service would be to help two regions that are now shortchanged in the tourist trade. Eastern Kings County lies outside the main ferry and national park routes and therefore gets only 2% of P.E.I.'s tourist traffic. Likewise, tourists heading for Louisbourg or the Cabot Trail tend to bypass Route 19 from the Canso causeway to Inverness. Even along the Cabot Trail, businesses suffer from a Nova Scotia government policy of giving equal billing in tourist literature to more contrived and less attractive scenic "trails."

The new ferry would give tourists a circle route through the Maritimes, ending the need for doubling back along the same route in order to visit Cape Breton. Bus tour operators are particularly loathe to travel the same road twice in one trip, and several told APEC that, with a Souris-Port Hood ferry, they would find Cape Breton a far more attractive destination.

But the proposal already has vociferous critics. Pictou's Mayor Ernest Jordan says the new ferry would require a huge subsidy, and its only effect would be to lure tourists away from the northeastern part of mainland Nova Scotia. Reginald Rankin, secretary of the Inverness County Municipal Tourist Committee, calls Jordan's opposition greedy. "He's saying, 'Gee, we want congestion as long as it's going to put dollars in our pockets.'"

Encouraged by the APEC report, ferry supporters have been flogging the idea among politicians and pressing the Ministry of Transport to undertake a feasibility study. So far they've met with mixed success. The Prince Edward Island government has endorsed the idea. So has the Island's federal cabinet minister, Dan MacDonald. After repeated requests, Nova Scotia's Tourism Minister Bruce Cochran joined half-heartedly in the call for a feasibility study, but added that he was offering "no endorsement of any kind." Initial response from Transport Minister Jean-Luc Pepin was negative, but his office now says he's considering a subsequent plea for a more detailed feasibility study. Finance Minister Allan MacEachen has been noncommittal. "I'll tell you plain and simple," says Inverness County's Rankin, "it's up to MacEachen. If two cabinet ministers from the respective areas can't pull it off, no one can."

— Parker Barss Donham

Marilyn MacDonald's column

Oh no! Not the revenge of the cradle again

It's one month down, another to go till the day when, by decree absolute of the prime minister, we've got to have our constitutional act together. Just a month ago, a group of thinkers officially kicked off the regional debate at Acadia University in Wolfville, N.S. They included government and academic people, leaders from business, labor, farming, fishing, women's organizations, French-speaking communities and native people's groups. There were three Maritime premiers and what the press called "a high-ranking official" from Newfoundland. There were 12 constitutional experts, too, as well as discussion papers, keynote addresses and commentaries galore.

I don't know whether they got around to discussing the Twelve Children Act, but it's been on my mind throughout the past couple of months of debate on the state and future of the union. The act is a Quebec statute which dates back to 1890. Conscious, in the words of its preamble, that "it is advisable, following the example of past centuries, to give marks of consideration for fruitfulness in the sacred bonds of matrimony," *la belle province's* turn-of-the-century legislators set up a system for giving every family with 12 children or more (living and legitimate offspring, please) a grant of 100 acres of public land.

Well, it might have been the land grant. Or the long, cold winter nights, or the absence of television. But it's a matter of record that, in the 15 years before the act was scrapped, a number of *québécoises*, with the aid of their living and legitimate spouses, showed quite a remarkable degree of fecundity. A Mme Hébert of Ste-Famille d'Aumond in western Quebec produced 29 children of whom 14 survived long enough to qualify for the land grant. Then there was Paul Bélanger of Fraserville, in eastern Quebec's Témiscouata County, who used up three wives turning out 36 babies.

The government replaced the land grant with a cash award of \$50 but by 1905 the idea had faltered. Enter, during the balmy days of June, 1980, Denis Lazure, Social Affairs minister in Quebec's Parti Québécois government. Casting his eye over the prov-

ince's sinking birth statistics, Lazure's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of incentives. He told a legislature committee that the government was giving serious thought to awarding a cash payment of \$240 to every woman of the province, every time she gives birth. It's a step up from \$50 (don't call these guys pikers) and to hell with the sacred bonds of matrimony.

Putting a price tag on mom's reproductive process has just that touch of practical, Gallic sang-froid which anglos often find difficult to understand. We've grown up within a different system. During the Sixties and Seventies, when feminist groups began lobbying for financial compensation for housewives there were shocked outcries from all over. Some thought it was terribly crass to try to set a price on the contributions of wives and mothers, contributions which were of a profoundly spiritual nature. It was a sweet notion, particularly attractive to people who had never cleaned an oven.

But wait.

Tender as anglo sensibilities may be, what do you think's going to happen if Quebec institutes its population incentive program? Are other regions, especially ones like the Atlantic provinces, going to let themselves be baby-boomed into an even less significant role within the federation? Don't count on it.

A few months ago I interviewed a professor who'd been abroad to give a lecture on the survival of Canada as a nation. He drew my attention to one of the basic differences between the founding peoples by pointing out that while English Canadians expect men and women to do their duty as members of a society (in matters like looking after the aged, for example), French Canadians are more apt to require them to do it by law.

Grand. But before the ovarian shock troops start lining up on both sides, is it all right if I say that there are some aspects of *la différence* I'd just as soon leave untouched?



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Calendar

NEW BRUNSWICK

Aug. — Parlee Beach Summer Theatre, Shediac
 Aug. 1-3 — Brussels Sprout Festival, Rogersville
 Aug. 1-23 — A Stitch in Time and Quilts Exhibition, Galerie Restigouche, Campbellton
 Aug. 1-29 — 1980 Graduate Students Exhibition, Mount Allison University, Sackville

Aug. 2, 3 — International Hydroplane Regatta, Cocagne
 Aug. 3 — 3rd Annual Country Fair, Black River
 Aug. 3-10 — International Festival, St. Stephen
 Aug. 3 - Sept. 1 — Théâtre Populaire d'Acadie presents "La Marie-como," Caraquet
 Aug. 4 - 29 — Eskimo Prints and Tapestries, City Hall, Saint John
 Aug. 8-17 — Acadian Festival, Caraquet

Aug. 14-16 — Grand Manan Rotary Festival, Grand Manan
 Aug. 14-18 — Acadian Handcraft Festival, Moncton
 Aug. 18-23 — Miramichi Exhibition, Chatham
 Aug. 21-24 — Kent Co. Agricultural Exhibition, Saint Marie
 Aug. 24-30 — Atlantic National Exhibition, Saint John
 Aug. 27-31 — Miners Festival, Nigadoo
 Aug. 30, 31 — Handcraft Festival, Mactaquac
 Aug. 31 — "Half Marathon," St. François

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Aug. 1-22, — Mug Shots: Exhibit of contemporary drinking vessels, Holland College, Charlottetown
 Aug. 2 — Highland Games and Gathering of the Clans, Eldon
 Aug. 7 — Prince Co. Summer Craft Fair, Summerside
 Aug. 7-10 — Country Days, Charlottetown
 Aug. 10 — Fête Acadienne, Tignish
 Aug. 10 — Prince Co. Blueberry Social and Tea Party, Green Park
 Aug. 11-16 — Old Home Week, Charlottetown
 Aug. 16 — Six-mile National Park run, Stanhope to Brackley
 Aug. 22-27 — Community Harvest Festival, Kensington
 Aug. 27, 28 — Ploughing Match and Agricultural Fair, Dundas
 Aug. 28-30 — Square Dance Camporama, Brackley Beach
 Aug. 29, 30 — Egmont Bay and Mont Carmel Exhibition, Abrams Village
 Aug. 29-31 — Festival Acadien, Abrams Village
 Aug. 31 — Drag Races, Oyster Bed Bridge

NOVA SCOTIA

Aug. — Variety Show: "Meet the Navy," Aug. 1, Pictou; Aug. 3, Digby; Aug. 4, Yarmouth; Aug. 5, Barrington Passage; Aug. 7, Lunenburg; Aug. 8, 9, Wolfville; Aug. 10, Greenwood; Aug. 12, Sheet Harbour; Aug. 13-15, Dartmouth; Aug. 16, Cornwallis
 Aug. 1-3 — Variety Show, Playhouse Theatre, Bridgewater
 Aug. 1-3 — Festival Acadien, Ste. Anne du Ruisseau
 Aug. 1-3 — Atlantic Folk Festival, Moxsom Farm, Hants Co.
 Aug. 1-4 — Natal Day, Annapolis

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Aug. 3 — Famous People Players, Savoy Theatre, Glace Bay

Aug. 3-10 — Centennial Week, Saulnierville, Digby Co.

Aug. 4-17 — Heritage Days, Dartmouth

Aug. 6-9 — Festival of the Tartans, New Glasgow

Aug. 8-10 — Nova Scotia Designer Craftsmen, Craft Fair, Dalhousie University, Halifax

Aug. 11, 12 — Community Fair, Ardoise

Aug. 13 — 25th Anniversary: Opening of Canso causeway, Port Hastings

Aug. 16, 17 — Festin de Musique de la Baie Ste. Marie, Church Point

Aug. 19-21 — Theatre Arts Festival presents Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre, Wolfville

Aug. 21-30 — Canadian Puppet Festivals presents "Tales from the Vienna Woods," Chester

Aug. 24 — Closing Ceremonies, 375th Anniversary: Founding of Port Royal, Cheticamp

Aug. 26-31 — Eastern Nova Scotia Exhibition, Antigonish

NEWFOUNDLAND

Aug. 1, 2 — The Stephenville Festival of the Arts

Aug. 1 — Labatts Festival Concerts, St. John's

Aug. 1, 2 — Lion's Carnival, Musgravetown

Aug. 1 - 3 — Ninth Annual Humber Riding Club Exhibition, Corner Brook

Aug. 2, 3 — Festival de musique française et des ateliers d'artisanat, Cape St. George, Port au Port Peninsula

Aug. 3 — "Grand Time:" Traditional Nfld. music, Stephenville

Aug. 4 — Regatta Day, Stephenville

Aug. 4 — Gander Day, Gander

Aug. 6 — Bonavista Day, Bonavista

Aug. 8-10 — Summer Sports Weekend, Massey Drive, Bay of Islands

Aug. 9-16 — Summer Games, Burin Peninsula

Aug. 15-17 — Humber/Bay of Islands Summer Games, Pasadena

Aug. 15 - Sept. 15 — New Newfoundland Realists, Grand Falls

Aug. 19 - 26 — Tourist Week: Crafts, music, Port aux Basques

Aug. 22 - 24 — Canadian Senior Summer National Diving Championships, St. John's

Aug. 23, 24 — Bay of Islands Folk Festival, Marble Mountain, Corner Brook

Aug. 30 - Sept. 1 — Labor Day Golf Invitational, Bally Haly Golf and Country Club, St. John's

Aug. 31 - Sept. 1 — 25th Fall Fair, Witless Bay



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Small Towns

St. Andrews, N.B.

You may leave St. Andrews, N.B., but you'll never forget it. It was Canada's first spa, an enchanting summer playground for Canada's high and mighty. It's still got a lot going for it

By Jon Everett

During an overnight drive from Ontario this spring, they had to hose down Henry and Martha several times in the back of the van. In St. Andrews, a town on the Bay of Fundy where many of the 1,800 residents think in scientific terms, Alison Randall, the woman who greeted the couple, said: "We hope she gets pregnant again...we are going to take blood samples for a hormone study." Henry and Martha are not typical St. Andrews expatriates, but their reaction to coming home was typical. "They were so happy. They just came bombing down the gangplank." They are harbor seals. Star attractions at the Huntsman Marine Laboratory Aquarium, they winter at Guelph University, Ont., where, according to Huntsman Aquarium supervisor Randall, Martha was the first seal to give birth. Now, Henry and Martha are home for the summer.

Jean Williamson, whose Stinson ancestors were among the 400 families who erected St. Andrews in 1783, says you may leave St. Andrews, but you'll never forget it: "I taught school here for 10, 12 years and I'd listen to the young people say, 'I can hardly wait until I graduate to get out of this town.' I'd just say to them, 'Oh, you wait and see, you'll come back some day.' Quite a number of them do come back. And those who don't still have a great homesickness. I've got one fellow who gets so homesick he'll call once every three months and talk. Three-quarters of an hour! Even though he's not here in body, he is actually here in spirit."

The original settlers wanted St. Andrews to become the heart of British North America; instead it has become a pulse, a tiny vitality on a distant limb. Here, time ebbs and flows as dramatically as the Fundy tides, which lap at the town's low-lying edge, then slip away 20 feet into the harbor. To the naked eye, St. Andrews in winter looks like an insect in chrysalis; contracted, hardly moving, silent. Then its several hundred elm and maple trees sprout; songbirds and seabirds flock in; flowers bloom and tourists arrive,



Fundy tides lap its low-lying edge, slip away again...

both in their thousands; and by summer, the butterfly has emerged and St. Andrews-by-the-Sea once more flutters aloft in all its splendor.

People fall in love with the town. H.W. Hord, a Torontonian who came from Central America to work at the Fisheries and Oceans Biological Station, rose early every morning the first year just to gaze through his living-room window. Michael and Kathleen Lazare, a Connecticut couple who scarcely knew New Brunswick existed until they read Colleen Thompson's *New Brunswick Inside Out*, now own the turn-of-century Pansy Patch estate. Kathleen's opened a summer bookshop there. Michael, 49, already muses about quitting his IBM job six years before retirement and running off to St. Andrews permanently.

Along Water Street, gracious college girls work in smart shops selling handmade goods. Showcase windows are frowned upon here; half the build-



They, too, are St. Andrews loyalists



...And like the tides, time ebbs and flows

ings in town are between 100 and 200 years old and window-shoppers must peer through sashes with six to 12 small panes. Up to 20 years ago, the town refused to admit it was hopelessly out of the chase for the chimera called "progress." Ian MacKay from Toronto, who used to be controller of the Algonquin Hotel, was among the first to try to persuade St. Andrews that it was not a lame duck at all, but a shabby swan. He suggested businessmen rip down their neon lights and fix up their historic buildings to create 19th-century atmosphere.

The establishment, he says, "all but

politely, and not so politely, told me I was crazier than hell." MacKay, now 51, operates the Shiretown Inn, The Grist Mill (a woman's wear shop) and the Smugglers' Wharf Restaurant, a former movie theatre he got for a nickel down. He says that in the early Sixties St. Andrews had become "a junky town, crummy, beat-up, derelict, 40 years of depression written all over the front street." By 1965 things had begun to improve.



Robicheau, Williamson. Their game is fish



Mayor Boone quit hardware for fishing

Grace Helen Mowatt was not a tall woman but she looms large in the cultural and social history of St. Andrews. Sent to New York to study art in the 1890s, she returned to revive dying homespun crafts. She wrote, "Here or nowhere could I establish a native art, an art that would express our farm life, so lively and so little known." She founded the Cottage Craft as an outlet for woolcraft with locally derived designs and colors (spruce green, goldenrod yellow). In 1946, Mowatt turned over the retail and wholesale business to Kent and Bill Ross. Today, more than 100 women

knit and weave the Cottage Craft sweaters, skirts and handbags. Pictou, N.S.-born Kent Ross, now 59, says obtaining standard clothing sizes from so many craftswomen is not simple: "We have one woman who looks after the knitters. No two do it exactly the same. If someone wants a size 38 sweater, some knitters may knit more tightly, so you have to order a size bigger. And vice-versa."

A variation of the lyric, "Once I built a railroad," could be sung by any number of former executives who are now Water Street shopkeepers. But while they've sacrificed income for the

N.S., in 1930 and developed the fish market. He still drops by because executives like Williamson have a lot to learn about the real world.

Jack Boone, 41, is a burly ex-Saint John cop with touches of grape along his nose and cheek that tell of the pummelling he's taken from wind and sea. Standing among fragile figurines in his China Chest shop, he looks very much like the proverbial bull. He quickly shatters that illusion. "See this," he says flicking a blunt, crusty finger delicately onto a \$350 crystal bowl. "The sound is one way to tell if it's good crystal."



Algonquin Hotel is a "turreted symbol of St. Andrews's heyday"

joy of St. Andrews, the rest of the "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime" song does not apply. Allan Magee, 59, was once president of Meagher's Distillery in Montreal, but he hankered to return to the town where he summered as a boy. Eleven years ago he bought the Sea Captain's Loft, an import house featuring Irish capes and Eskimo parkas. He runs it like big business. "Most small retailers don't analyse. We do. We can tell you how many cups and saucers we sold; we can tell you how many sweaters we sold, in what size, in what color, in what style."

Down at Robicheau's Fish Market, the man behind the fresh fish trays wears a baseball cap, jeans and a smile. Peter Williamson, 42, bought the market from Reg Robicheau a year ago. Now, Williamson says, "my ulcer's gone. My blood pressure's down. I'm playing golf. I'm fishing." Williamson was National Sea Products' division manager when fire destroyed the company's Conley's Lobster Plant in St. Andrews in 1974. National Sea and the H.B. Nickerson company, in a joint venture, bought a plant in Boston and installed Williamson as president. But a couple of years of returning to an apartment after waging guerrilla warfare all day with the Teamsters' Union was enough. Robicheau, 68, had come to St. Andrews from Digby Neck,

Boone is mayor of St. Andrews. He and his wife, Nancy, run the china shop but he's also an inshore fisherman. His 56-foot boat, built at Cape St. Mary, N.S., is the biggest in town and he has three weir nets, and lobster traps. The Boones moved to St. Andrews in 1963, three infants in tow, to help Nancy's widowed mother run the shop and a hardware store (since sold). Boone couldn't stand it: "I went back to Saint John for three months in 1965." What helped change his mind was getting into fishing, though he didn't know a fin from a scale. "I went out with a guy one morning who was a customer in the hardware store. He made \$1,000 before breakfast. When we came back into the pier, I said, 'That's the business for me, not selling hardware for \$85 a week.' So I bought a weir and started out, and taught myself by watching the other fishermen." (To those who regard St. Andrews itself as a china shop, Boone's election last May caused apprehension. At issue is a preservation bylaw to restrict demolition and control building alterations. It's backed by the Civic Trust, a heritage organization. Boone favors a plebiscite.)

Some dictionaries say the word *lots*, referring to land, derived from the practice of drawing lots as in lottery. This is what happened at the birth of

Small Towns

St. Andrews. Roger Nason, 30, of Grand Manan, an N.B. historical resources official, says a youthful band of Revolutionary War Loyalists gathered first at Fort George, now Castine, Me., at the mouth of the Penobscot River. They thought the river would be the new international boundary. But the boundary was the St. Croix, so they moved lock, stock and town planner to a point at its mouth on Passamaquoddy Bay, overlooking what is now Navy Island. They could have named the place *Déjà Vu*, had the French not already tagged it St. André. Nason says, "If you were to take a map of Castine, and overlay it on a map of St. Andrews, you'd find they evenly line up, practically down to the islands. The similarity is that close." The Loyalists drew lots in Castine and arrived in the fall as a pre-manufactured community, just needing assembling. They thus avoided the chaos that occurred in Saint John and Shelburne, N.S., also founded in 1783.

The town was laid out in 60 square blocks and 12 irregular harborfront blocks; streets were named after George III's children. Great expectations for St. Andrews evaporated in the cauldron of economic reality, and spurned by the Industrial Revolution and spared of fire, the town became a sort of New World Pompeii, frozen in time. The War of 1812 cost St. Andrews its trade advantage; one period blockhouse has been restored in town. With the railway, St. Andrews became Canada's first spa. CPR builder Sir William Van Horne built a 75-room mansion on nearby Ministers Island. Today the province owns most of the island, and caretaker Wade Veinotte, 24, and his wife live on it alone. He keeps the roads and grounds shipshape, but isn't allowed to touch Van Horne's house. He says, "It's falling apart."

Bathurst-born Algoma Steel magnate Sir James Dunn returned to Canada with his English-born wife at the start of the Second World War. In 1946, they bought Dayspring, a magnificent estate near the Algonquin Hotel. Mrs. C.H. Ballantyne, widow of a Montreal lawyer, recalls, "He was very, very fond of St. Andrews. And she loved it too. And then after he died [in 1956], she just really wanted to show her appreciation of the years they spent there." Lady Dunn, who later married Lord Beaverbrook, gave St. Andrews a fire hall, fire trucks, a medical centre, a high school and a spectacular arena. Today St. Andrews's fairy godmother winters behind Dayspring's high fences, keeping to herself.

In 1938, Henry and Sarah Ross of Plainfield, N.J., intent on developing a museum, bought Chestnut Hall, an early 1800s Georgian brick house, from Grace Mowatt who operated a pottery there. This spring the Ross Memorial Museum opened. (It's got Benedict Arnold's chair.) Next door, the Ross Memorial Library is in a spanking new building. The Algonquin Hotel, owned for years by CPR, still occupies the town's high ground. It's a turreted symbol of St. Andrews's heyday when, in Mrs. Ballantyne's memory, the likes of the Ogilvie flour, Borden's milk and Hiram Walker distillery families all rubbed shoulders here. The CPR threw in the towel a decade ago, but each summer, it's back managing the old Algonquin. The province owns it now but, after expensive renovations, it still loses money.

When the tourists leave St. Andrews, students take their place. They attend the New Brunswick Community College (known locally as Lady Dunn Trades School) and not all of them fully appreciate St. Andrews's charm. John Woodard, 30, was enrolled in industrial refrigeration. Proud owner of a Harley-Davidson motorcycle, he split for Moncton every chance he got. "Everything is dead here," he said. "No excitement. Old people run this place. They don't want to see excitement."

The Sir James Dunn Arena is one centre of excitement. Besides an ice facility, it's got a curling rink, bowling lanes, a cafeteria and a movie theatre. Its summer hockey school, operating since 1963, boasts such graduates to the NHL as Pittsburgh's Greg Malone and Boston's Bobby Miller. The St. Louis Blues trained here for two years in the Sixties and manager Bobby Thompson hopes to attract another team someday. There's no recreation department in town, but with 110 MADwomen, who needs one? Newspaper correspondent Rose Haughn says Grace Mowatt met her on the street one day in 1934 and said: "I'm getting all the talented girls together. You're not too young." The town's Music, Art and Drama (MAD) Club was born with 12 members.

The Sunbury Shores Arts and Nature Centre was founded in 1964. Capitalizing on the local pool of scientists and artists, Sunbury Shores functions as a club and an educational facility. Scottish-born Irene Scarratt, centre president, says summer day courses attract people from all over the continent; winter night courses are aimed at local people. And there are

special courses—in ecology, for example—for professional people.

Along Joe's Point Road, handsome spruce and fir trees form an honor guard for those who go out each day to do battle for the environment. The federal Biological Station has been a town institution for generations. Montreal-born Dr. Bob Cook, 38, the director, says the station employs 138 people. It monitors fish stocks, studies contamination of fish, researches aquaculture. The nearby Huntsman Marine Laboratory—remember Henry and Martha?—is a co-operative venture by no fewer than 17 universities. Administrator F.W.C. Stymest, 68, a retired naval officer from Hartland, B.C., says the universities and the lab itself teach courses and conduct research on subjects ranging from molluscs to nightingales.

Yet another research institute, the International Atlantic Salmon Foundation is out at Chamcook Lake, St. Andrews's water supply. It's a private organization, dedicated to saving the salmon. Dr. Wilfred Carter, 53, a fifth-generation resident of Gaspé, Que., once headed Quebec's salmon programs but grew frustrated with government. He chose St. Andrews for the foundation because it was a scientific beehive and reminded him of Gaspé. One foundation program is sea ranching. Salmon are hatched, released to the ocean, return as adults. Oh yes, you can call Carter "Wilf" but don't ask him to yodel.

Overhead wires downtown have been buried, and a sewage-treatment plant is finally going ahead. What else does St. Andrews need? Apparently not much. Kenneth Abbot, 27, formerly of Bar Harbor, Me., doesn't think he'll ever leave. He runs Barnacle Bill's, a summer novelty shop, while his wife paints houses. "My parents describe St. Andrews as Bar Harbor 20 years ago," Abbot says. "It's not as commercialized. That's what I like about it." Businessman Ian MacKay says the town must avoid honky-tonk development. He wants a marina, and so does Mayor Boone. David Smith, 44, the British-born manager of the Algonquin, says that the hotel, by becoming a winter business retreat, could function year-round, and the Huntsman lab's F.W.C. Stymest believes that what St. Andrews needs—what Atlantic Canada needs—is a world-class aquarium. Henry and Martha would vote for that. Like many others from St. Andrews, they'd never go to Ontario if they had a chance to support themselves at home. ☒



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Food

Go get 'em. They're really wild

Goosetongue, glasswort, sea rocket, nettle, lamb's quarters, bakeapples, cranberries, partridgeberries and heavenly days, those gorgeous mushrooms called chanterelles.... They all grow wild in Atlantic Canada, and they're yours for the picking. Not to mention blueberries

By Blanche Pownall-Garrett

In *Edible Wild Plants of the Maritimes*, Lesley Choyce says it may well be possible to live a complete summer in Atlantic Canada "without having to go to the store for food," and we'd wandered no further east than New Brunswick before discovering he was probably right. We found not only the familiar edible plants of central Canada—chickweed, dandelion, day lily, strawberries, raspberries, blue violets, and the ferns, cresses, plantains and amaranths—but also delights we had never known before. The wild, edible plants of Atlantic Canada: Lingonberries, Newfoundland's partridgeberries, scurvy grass, upland cress, goosetongue, wintergreen, rock cranberry.

In valleys and low meadows near Fortress Louisbourg, we came upon acres of the long-sought angelica (*Archangelica officinalis*), wild descendant of the herb the French brought over in the 18th century to provide not only a green vegetable but also a confection and flavoring for wines and liqueurs. Later, we lay on a wind-swept promontory beyond Ingonish and quenched our thirst with the un-ripened berries embedded in the fuzzy growth of foxberry.

At salt marshes and coastal beaches, we found abundant greens for salads, soups, quiches: Seaside plantain, glasswort, orach, the mustard family's sea rocket. (We quickly learned recipes with these ingredients did not require salt.) In a sheltered cove near Baddeck one morning, we waded for mussels and there, on the beach, was wild celery to add to the white wine in the steaming kettle. Bliss!

Among plants of wayside and woodland, we found Labrador tea, bayberry, wintergreen and wild garlic for beverage, tonic, condiment. For tasty cooked green vegetables, there were peppergrass, nettle, lamb's quarters and, well off the Cabot Trail, we discovered a clump of elacampane. We'd seen it before only in pictures. It's something like a sunflower, and has a long history of culinary and medicinal value. We brewed a decoction of elacampane

root and, when we sipped it, cooled, understood its use as a base for liqueurs.

After every rainfall and, indeed, even after every heavy fog, we roved hills and meadows, and returned with heaps of both edible and inedible mushrooms of every size and color. By a runnel to the sea near New Harris, Cape Breton, we counted more than 20 species, all so small they looked like jewels on a carpet of moss.

Then there were the plants of the sea itself. We had known them only through health-food stores. Now they took on shape and substance, in a separate plant world. Sea lettuce and sea kale both added flavor to our potato soup. On Grand Manan, self-styled dulce capital of the world, we played cards one evening with construction workers who nibbled on dulce as though it were popcorn or potato chips. (But even when they obligingly "improved" it for me by toasting it over a flame, I felt it must surely be an acquired taste.)

By August some edible plants have passed their prime and yet, in Atlantic Canada, you can go on feasting on others till the snow falls. Watercress, chickweed, purslane, blueberries, bakeapples and thimbleberries are still good in September. Mushrooms, too, provide late-season gourmet fare, especially puffball, trichaloma, boletus. (If you're going to eat wild mushrooms, however, make sure someone in your party knows the difference between edible and poisonous ones.) Down-east autumns offer rich harvests of wild rosehips for jams, jellies, teas, wines and, even after frosts, of highbush and lowbush cranberries. Finally, modern freezing and preserving methods enable foragers of Atlantic Canada to bring a taste of summer to mid-winter.

Sally Sours Salad

Sorrels are members of the Rumex genus. Their foliage has a sharp, somewhat acid taste. As a salad plant, it's been in use since Roman times. Sorrel soup recipes run hot and cold, from one in The Frugal Housewife (1774)—which begins with "Take the chump end of a loin of mutton"—to the



Sorrels were used in Roman times

simpler, more sophisticated soup of Julia Child. In Annapolis Royal, while we awaited the Halifax train, we picked fistfuls of the small, pale green leaves of field sorrel, added them to our sandwiches. In Cape Breton, sorrel infringed on our hostess's garden as thick as grass. She knew it by the old childhood name, "Sally Sours."

- 2 big handfuls each of field sorrel leaves and lamb's quarters or orach (seaside lamb's quarters)
- 3-4 finely shredded wild mint or sea rocket leaves
- 1 garden-fresh cucumber, unpeeled and sliced paper-thin
- 1 tsp. honey
- Equal amounts olive oil and lemon juice

Wash and drain sorrel and lamb's quarters and place in crisper for 1 hour. Tear them coarsely into salad bowl and add mint or sea rocket and cucumber. Toss with dressing of honey, lemon juice, olive oil, salt and freshly ground pepper to taste. Garnish with minced hard-boiled egg or toasted herbed croutons.

Chanterelles and Chicken Breasts

Chanterelles (*Cantharellus cibarius*) are yellow-orange, trumpet-shaped mushrooms, and one of the loveliest sights of summer is a clump in lush moss beside a stream that's wandering through a hardwood forest and down to Big Bras d'Or. They have the color and odor of ripe apricots, and they're superb with chicken.

chanterelles (identified positively),
as many as you can get
4 chicken breasts
1 tbsp. lemon juice
flour
salt and pepper to taste
2 tbsp. butter
sprinkle of basil
1 cup chicken broth
½ cup thick (whipping) cream
chanterelles, fine-chopped

Rub chicken breasts with lemon juice, toss in paper bag with flour and seasonings until thoroughly coated. Melt butter in a skillet and sauté breasts to golden-brown on both sides. Transfer to a buttered baking dish, add chanterelles, quartered, and pour in broth. Cook for 40 minutes in 375° F. oven, basting every 10 minutes. Add cream, reduce heat to 300° F. and bake for 15 more minutes. Serve on platter and garnish with a sprinkling of finely chopped chanterelles.



Wild chanterelles are gourmet fare



Samphire: A "mistake" that's succulent

Samphire Soup

Samphire, or Glaswort (*Salicornia* species) is a happy mistake. Early colonists mistook it for the samphire of European cliffs, and used it as they had back home. That's chopped and added to soups, stews, salads. In the 1700s, North American settlers made samphire pickle. Samphire grows in salt marshes, and has jointed, succulent, leafless stems.

1 cup tender green samphire tips
from upper part of plant only
2 cups chicken broth
1 onion, chopped
1 tbsp. butter
1 cup freshly cooked mashed potato
1 cup smooth sour cream
dash of white pepper
pinch of thyme

Simmer samphire in chicken broth for 5 minutes. Sauté onion in butter and add it, with potato, to broth. Simmer for 2 minutes. Stir in cream and seasonings and bring just to the boil. Serve piping hot with a sprinkling of chopped, uncooked samphire garnishing each bowl.

Blueberry Wine

The federal government pamphlet *Making Blueberry Wine at Home* offers a good, modern method; but I prefer the following adaptation from *Blue Magic*, a brochure that the Nova Scotia government issued several years ago.

1 gallon hot water for each gallon of blueberries

3 lbs. sugar for each gallon of juice

Place ripe berries and hot water in earthenware crock. Let stand 3 days, stirring twice daily. Press out juice. Add sugar, stir thoroughly to dissolve sugar and let stand 3 days. Strain, pour into jar fitted with fermentation lock. Bottle in 6 months. (I add 1 tsp. wine yeast to each gallon of juice to insure against the action of "wild" yeasts.)

Blueberry Wine Pie

Blueberries, fruit of the *Vaccinium* genus, are part of the history of Atlantic Canada. Like schooners. Dried and preserved, blueberries in pioneer times were an invaluable addition to monotonous winter fare. Now they're a regional resource. Fresh, frozen or canned, millions of pounds go on sale every year. There are lowbush and highbush blueberries, and several varieties. All are delicious, nutritious, high in vitamins, low in calories. We think our Blueberry Wine Pie is good enough to turn anyone into a blueberry addict.

1½ cups blueberry wine
1 envelope unflavored gelatine
2 cups freshly picked blueberries
cooked 9-inch pie shell, either pastry or crumb
whipped cream, sweetened to taste
choice berries

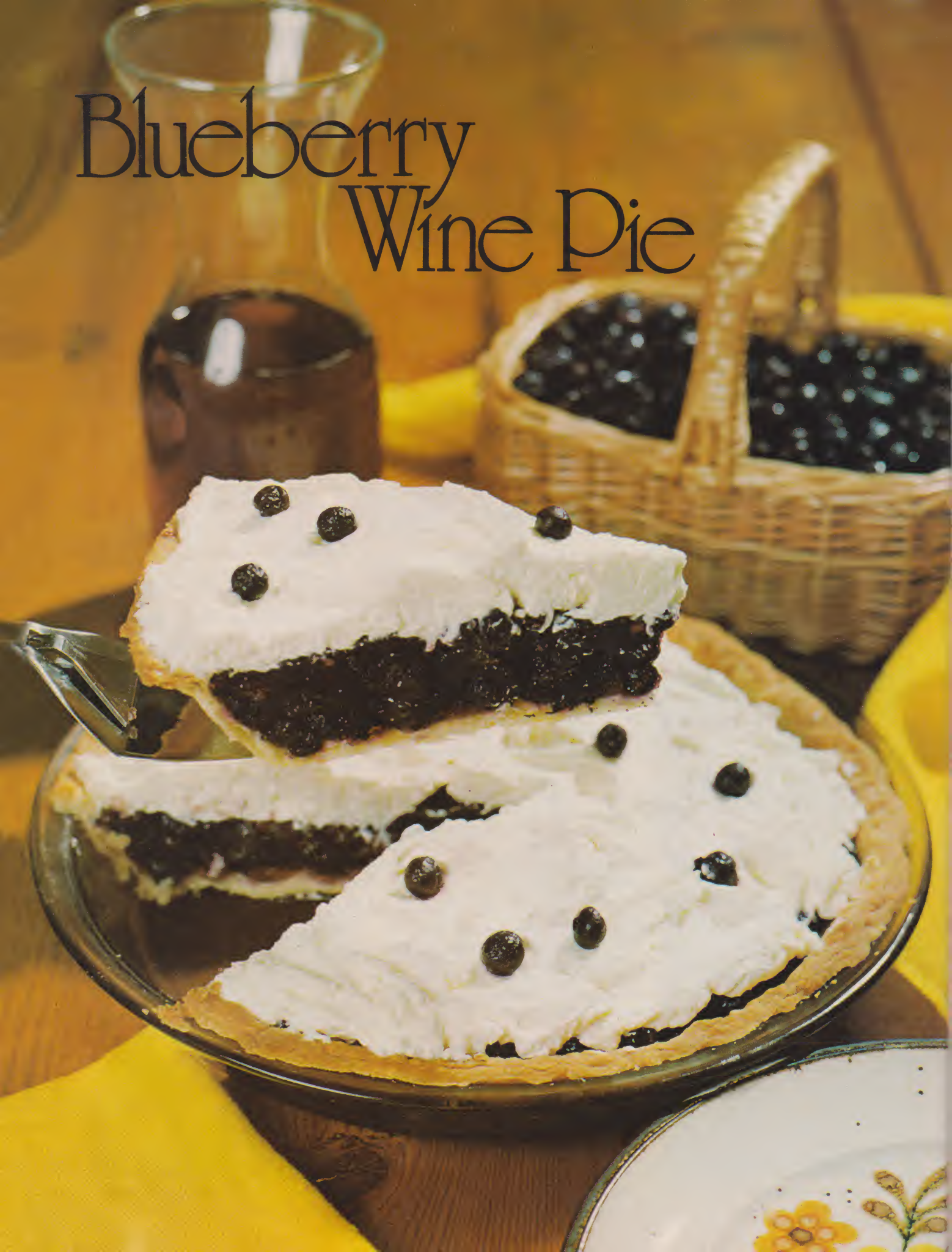
Heat the wine to steaming, not boiling, and stir into it the gelatine, dissolved in 2 tbsp. cold water. Cool and refrigerate. When it begins to "set," fold in blueberries. Pour into shell and refrigerate until the filling is firm. To serve, smother with whipped cream and garnish with a big handful of the largest, bluest berries. (You can make a similar dessert with Newfoundland bakeapples, which are something like wild raspberries, but amber when ripe. In place of blueberry wine use Lakka, a bakeapple liqueur from Finland. You'll need ¾ cup Lakka mixed with ½ cup boiling water.)

(Overleaf: The pie in all its glory)



Luscious blueberries—low-calorie, too

Blueberry Wine Pie



Battle of the blueberries: It's Grunt against Cobbler

May the best dessert win, and close a family rift

By Alden Nowlan

Few things in nature are as mysterious as the blueberry. White when it is green and black when it is blue. What country child hasn't performed the miracle of rubbing away the berry's powdery blue mask, revealing it as it really is—black and even sinister? That will sound silly to anyone who knows the blueberry only as something on a shelf or in a freezer at the supermarket. But not to those who've picked berries on The Burnt Ground in the long shadows of late afternoon.

The Burnt Ground had been the site of a forest fire a generation before I was born and, according to family legend....But that's another story.

When I moved from Nova Scotia to the Upper Saint John River Valley in New Brunswick, I heard the old-timers talk about the Blueberry Excursions of their youth. They weren't even remotely sinister but, rather, something that would have fitted neatly into Leacock's *Sunshine Sketches from a Little Town*.

To go on a Blueberry Excursion, you boarded a special train, carrying a picnic lunch and your lard pails. (Lard was sold in tin pails before the world turned into plastic. You fetched water from the well in a gallon lard pail and used a quart lard pail to carry your lunch to school.) These particular lard pails were to be filled with berries picked on the Blueberry Barrens miles and miles and miles (well, at least 20 miles) away.

The train let you down there in the morning and picked you up again in late afternoon—and, this being the Upper Saint John River Valley, you sang good rousing hymns on the way home. Hymns like "Shall We Gather at the River" and "Bringing in the Sheaves." None of this modern two-per-cent-milk-and-chlorinated-water stuff.

I must also tell you about the Great Blueberry Confrontation in my wife's family. To comprehend this confrontation—feud is too strong a word—you have to know that my wife was born an Orser (traditionally pronounced Osser) and that, for going on 200 years, the Orsers have eaten Blue-

berry Cobbler, just as in her branch of the family they've generally voted the Tory ticket and embraced the Primitive Baptist Church. It probably began with Trooper William Orser of the King's American Dragoons who founded both the family, and the town of Hartland, N.B. Or with his wife, Mary Blake Craig Orser, the first child born to English-speaking parents in what is now New Brunswick. Anyway, their loyalty to Blueberry Cobbler goes back a long way.

The Confrontation came about when my wife's eldest sister married a MacGaughey (traditionally pronounced MaGaddie). We needn't go into the MacGaugheys' politics or religion. Suffice it to say that the MacGaugheys don't eat Cobbler. They eat Blueberry Bangbelly (also known as Blueberry Grunt). And when Grace Orser married Herb MacGaughey, she became a convert. My wife, Claudine, and her sister Flora still talk of it in whispers when they meet.

"I hate to ask you this, but is Grace still making Bangbelly?"

"I hate to have to tell you this, but I'm afraid she is."

They're still hoping that in her old age she'll repent of her apostasy and return to the faith in which she was born and raised.

Here in alphabetical order are the receipts—they're receipts not recipes in the Upper Saint John River Valley—for Orser Cobbler and MacGaughey Bangbelly-Grunt.

MacGaughey Bangbelly-Grunt

2 cups blueberries
½ cup water
½ cup sugar
¼ tsp. allspice
1 cup flour
2 tsp. baking powder
¼ tsp. salt
1 tbsp. butter
¾ cup milk

Mix together first 4 ingredients and set over medium flame. Mix next 5 ingredients into soft dough. When there is plenty of juice on the berries, lower flame and drop doughy mixture on berries by tablespoonfuls. Cover

and cook for 15 minutes without removing cover.

Orser Cobbler

2 cups blueberries
½ cup water
½ cup sugar
1 tsp. lemon juice
½ tsp. cinnamon
1 cup flour
2 tbsp. butter
2 tsp. baking powder
¼ tsp. salt
2 tbsp. sugar
½ cup milk

Mix first 4 ingredients in 8-inch pan and sprinkle with cinnamon. Use a fork to stir together next 5 ingredients until mixture is consistency of cornmeal. Stir in milk. Roll dough on floured board, cut into serving-size squares and spread over berries. Sprinkle with sugar and spread with melted butter. Bake uncovered in 400°F. oven for 25 minutes. Serve with whipped cream.



The MacGaughey Bangbelly-Grunt...



...and the rival Orser Cobbler

Herzl Kashetsky smiles. His paintings don't

He swims against the tides of art fashion, and says, "Death is a very real thing to me"

If language had symbols for smiles as it has for musical sounds, they might be helpful in describing Saint John artist Herzl Kashetsky. Much of the time, his eyes laugh and the corners of his mouth turn upward. So why are the faces of the people he paints so unhappy?

"I've experienced a lot of sadness and maybe I'm able to cover it up in my daily life," Herzl suggests, "but deep down, where art is the expression of the deepest part of a person, it comes through. I mean, there have been three deaths in my family—my father, my brother, my sister—and [the disappearance of] my best friend.... Death is a very real thing to me. I'm sure a lot of people go through life and they don't experience death until well on in their years. I've experienced it from very young."

Herzl, just 30, is already making a name for himself in Canadian art. Two years ago, the Canadian Society of Painters in Watercolor chose his "The Studio," a depiction of his own workplace, as the outstanding entry in its annual exhibition. Then this spring, the Canada Council's Art Bank bought three of his works—two paintings and a drawing—for more than \$3,000. And private collectors now pay anywhere from \$400 to \$1,600 to get one of his paintings.

But before 1975, Herzl was known primarily as the younger brother of Joe Kashetsky. Joe, who was a kind of artistic "rookie of the year" during Canada's centennial in 1967, died in 1974 at the age of 33.

The two brothers differed dramatically in their artistic style. Joe was an abstract painter whose work reflected Jewish themes. In the pell-mell of Herzl's two-room studio on Canterbury Street in Saint John, however, there is only one small study of Jewish concentration-camp victims. He concedes, though, that the general gloominess of his figures may also be influenced by what Swiss thinker Carl Jung suggested are the collective memories of race with which everyone

is born. "The idea of Jewish persecution may have something to do with it unconsciously. There could be things in my subconscious that I'm not aware of. I'm mellowing though," Herzl adds. "Most of my recent figures are merely

serious."

He finally managed to shake off the kid-brother image in 1975 with an exhibition of Saint John scenes that were snapped up like remnants at a fire sale. In a way, that's what they were; memory remnants of neighborhoods rapidly falling under the steamroller of progress. "I would have liked to have done them much earlier, when I was younger and there was so much of Saint John still up," he says. "Those things meant something very personal to me." He has lived in Saint John all his life.

Canada Council gave him \$2,000 to do more Saint John scenes, but after that he stopped. "I didn't want to



Well, sometimes he smiles, but "I've experienced a lot of sadness"

PHOTOS BY BILL HART

become known as a painter who just does buildings of Saint John." Herzl, who has a bachelor of fine arts from Sir George Williams, Montreal, decided instead to send himself back to school "to improve my technical skill and my perception of content." He chose as his "teachers" the Renaissance masters.

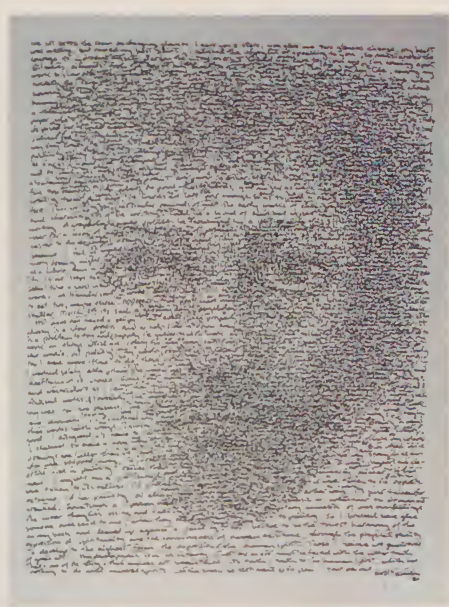
"I made two trips to Italy. The first time was in '74. That's when my eyes were really opened to classical and Renaissance art work. Then I went back in '77 and actually worked. I went specifically to Rome and Florence. I went to museums and churches and sketched. I was given a pass to enter any state museum free of charge and a letter of reference to the director of galleries in Florence to let me sketch."

Herzl says copying masters was a common way of learning in past centuries. "It was considered a sort of basic training, but it's so academic that modern art reacts against it. No one today does it. But Michaelangelo stood in front of a fresco in a church copying the great painters before him. In the Louvre there's a room of copies. There are some copies of the Mona Lisa by different painters, some of them very famous."

Like other Saint John artists, Herzl's work flows against the tide, like the city's river. Saint John artists are as ruggedly unique in the world of art as the Reversing Falls are in the world of nature. "I find there's a tendency toward individualism in Saint John," Herzl says. "You can never say there's a [Saint John] school, although there seems to be a tendency to a school in the sense of a figurative tradition."

Herzl says he likes being an artist in Saint John because "you work pretty well" undisturbed. "There are drawbacks, of course, to living outside the artistic mainstream. 'I've been held up in the midst of one painting for two months now waiting for supplies,' he complains. His preference for figurative art leads to occasional criticism that he's not being original. Herzl pays no attention to this: "It is easy to be different. But being different is not necessarily being original. To me, one of the greatest tests is to do something very traditional, like a portrait or an interior or a still life, and be original with that. You can go overboard in trying to be different."

Herzl's own originality was evident as far back as university. He did calligraphies in which he wrote essays or letters on canvas and made human figures emerge. His teacher, who watched him doing these for some

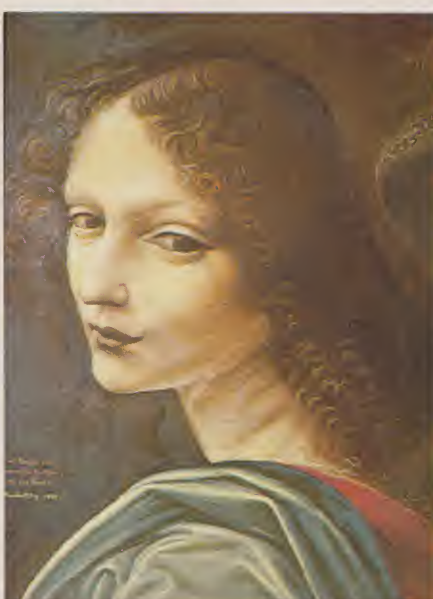


time, finally paid Herzl the ultimate compliment: He started doing them himself.

Herzl decided at university to forgo a conventional life and devote himself to art, to the exploration of the unconscious. The decision was the product of conscious soul-searching. He had rheumatoid arthritis and a doctor advised him not to embark on any career in which he would have to use his hands. Herzl Kashetsky has been flowing against the tide ever since.

— Jon Everett

Traditional yet original Kashetskys: Below, detail from a Da Vinci copy; bottom, detail from "Market Slip"; below left, "Screaming Head"; upper left, calligraphic face



In Chester, the truth about puppet power

Puppets from The Leading Wind, a renovated movie house on Nova Scotia's south shore, earn raves from Prague to Pangnirtung. Some are nine feet tall

By Roma Senn

Four 24-inch puppets stand immobile onstage. From centre aisle, Dora Velleman—script in hand, tape recorder at her side—directs the puppeteer controlling Ruth to “curl her hand more, waddle her back.” Soon Ruth and the rest of the gang in Gilbert and Sullivan’s *The Pirates of Penzance* become walking, talking, singing characters and Dora tells the puppeteers, “The little bastards perform all on their own if you don’t watch.”

This magical puppetry occurs in magical Chester, N.S., 70 km from Halifax. Chester is home for Dora and

Leo Velleman (Toronto-based till ’75), and that means it’s also home to Canada’s only permanent puppet theatre, The Leading Wind. The Vellemans, co-founders of the internationally acclaimed Canadian Puppet Festivals, had yearned for their own theatre but had also considered retiring. Dora’s 64, Leo’s 63. But when Dora came scouting for ocean frontage and a place to store the 500 puppets they’d collected during 30 years of puppetry, she found Chester’s rundown movie house. She cried when she saw it. It was just what they’d wanted for a long time.

Five years of gruelling work and

\$140,000 later—the feds, province and Montreal’s Saidye Bronfman Foundation all chipped in—The Leading Wind is a delightful 135-seat theatre, filled with brightly cushioned, two-seater pine benches. Down to the tiniest detail, everything in the theatre and in their house, two doors away, bears the Velleman touch: Finely crafted, colorful, cheery. They work as a team, and though Dora “loathes” the word creative, it’s usually she who gets the ideas and he who executes them. Leo is soft-spoken, even-keeled, and Dora calls him “my strength.”

Puppetry consumes her. “I’m getting a tremendous boost seeing Ruth onstage,” she says, during a short break in her living room. The primitive paintings that Leo collects and her own hangings cover the walls. Her tapestry designs resemble her puppets. “Everything she does,” Leo says, “finds its way back to the puppets.”

They work on the puppets from scratch and never gush over them. These creations are just tools of the trade. Dora separates herself from them. It’s the puppeteers who control them, and she directs the puppeteers. “It’s not a matter of ‘I’ve done that,’” she says. “It’s an impersonal thing.” The puppeteers learn every line, and every movement for each of several puppets. They repeat short segments of each production for hours on end, keep at it till everyone’s satisfied.

Dora’s artistic director, Leo’s general manager, but they do more than their titles suggest. For the theatre’s two-production summer season, a student has been sewing puppet costumes but, usually, Dora serves as seamstress. Leo’s puppet and prop maker, carpenter, sound man, maintenance man, administrator, theatre bartender. The Vellemans would like to do less work but Leo says, “That crazy versatility makes it difficult to phase ourselves out.” In winter, they hash out plans for the upcoming season, and generally take things easier. Their plays for children go on tour in the off-season but—except in the case of a Newfoundland trip, which they both love—the Vellemans stay home and let the puppeteers run the show. That wasn’t always the way.

In their early, penny-saving years, they toured in less than cushy comfort, and operated the puppets themselves. Back in the Forties, when the Vellemans launched their career in puppetry, they were still professional photographers in Montreal. They’re not sure now what it was about puppetry that



Puppetry wizards Dora and Leo Velleman found a home in Chester

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Theatre

attracted them, but Leo remembers a *Woman's Day* story entitled "Put on a Puppet Show for Your Kids." Moreover, they saw a "terrible" marionette show from New York, knew they could do better, set to it. They started by entertaining their own four children, soon became hot birthday-party performers, catering to wealthy Montrealers for \$25 a show.

Dora wrote a children's science-fiction show called *Planet Tolex* and, when CBC-TV Toronto cancelled it in favor of *Howdy Doody*, the Velleman moved to Memphis, Tenn., for another TV series, and then to St. Louis, Mo. The power of their puppets on television still amazes Dora. Fignewton Frog was the star of the St. Louis series—shown on ETV, forerunner of PBS—and when Fignewton told kids to brush their teeth and scurry off to bed, the kids brushed their teeth and scurried off to bed. Back in Toronto, *Fignewton Frog* and *Dora* ran from 1960 to '63. Between shows, the Velleman had dry periods but they've never regretted abandoning photography "for something offbeat."

Offbeat or not, their puppets have

won over audiences, critics and colleagues from Pangnirtung to Prague. Velleman puppets have played to sell-out crowds at Ottawa's National Arts Centre, performed with the Hamilton Philharmonic Orchestra, toured Europe, represented Canada at international festivals. The likes of Bruno Gerussi, Kate Reid, David Renton and Joan Gregson have been cast as voices in their productions. In '77 an international puppet organization awarded them a citation for excellence. What the Velleman like best, however, is a happy audience. On a tour of remote communities in the Northwest Territories, they were warned not to expect the Inuit to stay the full performance. Instead, the Inuit didn't want to leave.

Despite the accolades, the Velleman find many people still regard puppetry as kids' stuff. Leo remembers a meter-reader who asked, "Can you really make a living playing with dolls?" Persuading the world that puppetry is legitimate theatre, Leo says, "remains our axe to grind." Judging by last summer's attendance in Chester, the

campaign is going well. "It was beyond our wildest dreams," Dora beams. Three adults to every child attended *The Secret of Sarah Jane*; two to one for *The Mikado*.

The Velleman are successful because they're sticklers for perfection. They rewrite, retape, repolish, restage till they've got exactly what they want. Dora says, "We've never treated puppet theatre as though it were a stepchild of adult theatre." They have an attic full of rod puppets, finger puppets, marionettes. Some are nine inches tall, some nine feet. The characters range from Mrs. Mean to Aladdin but few ever leave their comfy quarters to star in new productions. Each play demands its own characters. In every production, costumes are color co-ordinated.

It's attention to such details, Leo Velleman says, that will make *The Leading Wind* in little Chester the equal to the Shaw Festival in little Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont. The Velleman settled in Chester because "it felt right." The town is "something special and we think people will go out of their way for something special." Like the magic of puppetry. ☒

Books

A girl from South Side St. John's

Helen Porter, *Below the Bridge*, Breakwater Books, \$14.95

Standing on Signal Hill, with your back to the sea, you can see the city lights clustering on the north side of St. John's harbor. But, on the south side, only the wan lights of ships flicker against the black hump of the South Side Hills. "When I started to write, I remember saying to my mother the South Side is a place that should be written about," Helen Porter says. "It was unique. The bridge made a distinct separation, and you would be much more likely to say you were from the South Side than from St. John's....In a sense, the South Side was more like an outpost within the town....It was a kind of tradition; they lived there

as their fathers and grandfathers had."

During the 1950s the Newfoundland government resettled the Southsiders and tore down their tall houses to make way for a still unfinished harbor development project. In *Below the Bridge* Helen Porter captures the essence of the vanished South Side community in a form no progressive politician will ever bulldoze away. Former Southsiders will recognize Porter's accurate observations of the old neighborhood. For the rest of us, she makes the South Side a metaphor, saying, you can go home again, that reality is what is kept in the heart.

Porter worried about the danger of being too local, especially since her Explorations grant from the Canada Council called for a factual examination of the South Side community: "What I didn't want to have was the feeling running through the book that here was another middle-aged woman writing her memories. I wanted to get right back to it. I decided to write a

factual account in novel form and to do what I believe Margaret Laurence said—"to write about the things people think, but don't say."

The memories recorded in *Below the Bridge* seem to come tumbling out of the writer's head in free association. But they are really highly organized, giving the book a unity many memoirs lack. Each chapter focuses on some specific concern of South Side people. We read how Porter's Depression-plagued family forgot its own struggle long enough to care for the beggars, whole families of them, who would come to the door with sacks thrown over their shoulders. When they knocked, they were invited in and fed.

Porter remembers measuring the sudden burst of prosperity brought by the Second World War in a child's ration of cokes and chocolate bars. But adults read its cost in the sudden deaths of young men and sudden marriages of young South Side women to foreign sailors. She explores the com-



MAINT BUCHHEIT

munity's attitudes toward church, home—even toward social misfits like Ronnie Parsons, a loner who dropped dead rats from his bedroom window.

Below the Bridge is organized around the life of a sensitive, awkward girl whose initiation into life becomes a symbol for the loss of innocence we all experience as we grow up. Porter calls her narrator "a person I've either resurrected or partly created." Either way, the narrator reflects Porter's continuing belief in people.

Porter is a charter member of the St. John's Status of Women organization. In 1975 she ran as a provincial New Democratic Party candidate in Mount Pearl. She lost the election, but won one of the highest votes ever recorded by a provincial NDP candidate. "People are always saying to me, 'I know you're a feminist, but you're not militant and you're not radical'—and that's not true," she says. "If they want to think that and it means I can get through to them better, I let them think it. But in my ideas I'm more radical than most people."

Class prejudice, economic disparity and social injustice are all a part of *Below the Bridge*—and the treatment is anything but nostalgic. "I didn't want to make *Below the Bridge* one of those things that says everything about then was fine," Porter says. "There were lots of things about life people were very, very glad to get rid of and that's forgotten." She shares with other Newfoundland writers the experience of having grown up reading about other parts of Canada and the United States, but not literature centred in her own province. "It does something to you," she says. "It's one of the things that makes you think there's nothing worthwhile here. And, not knowing any writers, it's hard to be something when you don't know anyone else that is one."

Porter works with the Visiting Artists' Program of the Newfoundland Teachers Association, spends several weeks a year trying to ensure that Newfoundland children have a sense of their own literature. She talks to them about it, encourages them to talk to her about their own writing. "I like the contact with young people a lot," she says, "and also I really value what they're getting that we didn't get in school." She also teaches an extension course in writing at Memorial U.

Below the Bridge is a first-class example of her chief advice to young writers: Write what you know. Porter knows that old ways can't be pushed over, merely pushed aside to influence the new. It's essential knowledge for a Newfoundland facing great change.

— Heather Barclay



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Books

Want to sue a doctor? Better read this first

Lorne Elkin Rozovsky, *The Canadian Patient's Book of Rights*,
Doubleday Canada Ltd., \$8.95

This year, if form holds, one in seven Canadians will enter hospital, there to be confined for an average of 10 days. Illness aside, going to a hospital isn't the most pleasant of experiences. Admission is but the first in a series of encounters that strip the patient of his clothes, privacy and dignity. He gets tests, pills and shots. Their nature and purpose are as arcane as his fears and ignorance are profound. He asks little, is told less. Concern for his person seems concentrated on the state of his bowels. He thinks he's being treated like a backward child, and in time begins to act like a wayward one. Tutored by television and the *Reader's Digest*, he believes he's being denied both tender loving care and the best of modern medicine. His rights are being violated and he's going to see his lawyer.

Increasingly we hear of American patients suing doctors and hospitals and being awarded whopping great sums. Although the medical malpractice "crisis" is still restricted to the United States, there's a real fear that, like acid rain, it could come to poison the wellsprings of Canadian medicine. That's why *The Canadian Patient's Book of Rights* is timely.

Lorne Elkin Rozovsky practises law in Halifax. He's also on the faculties of law and medicine at Dalhousie University. His book, mercifully free of medical and legal jargon, is a layman's guide to the laws governing Canadian health care. Actually, Canadian medical law remains largely inchoate and Rozovsky hopes it will stay that way—a body of principles for the guidance of reasonable people, rather than a set of hard and fast rules.

He's adamantly against the adoption of anything like the American Hospital Association's Patient's Bill of Rights: "The bill of rights ignores a

fundamental principle in the doctor-patient and hospital-patient relationships. The breakdown that occurs is not fundamentally a matter of rights; it is a matter of how people treat each other, how they feel for them, and how they communicate with them. Elements of this deal with legal rights, but a breakdown in personal relationships cannot be prevented by a bill of rights. It cannot make a doctor kindly, a nurse reassuring, a technician friendly." The implication is clear: The more we attempt to codify a patient's *rights*, the less a patient's *needs* are apt to be met.

Laymen and medical personnel who go picking through the book in search of specific do's and don'ts will be sorely disappointed. The closest Rozovsky comes to it is a list of principles at the end of each chapter. He covers such topics as hospital insurance and medicare, the right to a doctor of one's choice, consent to treatment, responsibility for the patient's property, medical records and confidentiality, abortions (there is no right to a therapeutic abortion and, technically, there are no elective abortions in Canada), mental illness and communicable disease, death and disposition of the body, the meaning of law, why patients sue, and the medical governing bodies to whom complaints should be addressed.

If, for example, you're interested in the law governing standard of care and negligence, it may prove instructive but less than definitive for you to know that: 1) The patient has the right to receive average, reasonable and prudent care in the circumstances, not the best possible care; 2) if the patient fails to get the standard of care to which he is entitled and suffers a reasonably foreseeable injury, he may sue for damages because of negligence; 3) the onus is on the patient to prove he was treated negligently; 4) the patient is not entitled to compensation if his doctor injured him because of an error in judgment, or because of a surgical accident that could not have been foreseen; 5) a doctor, a nurse, or the average citizen has no duty to go to the aid of an accident or emergency victim except in Quebec. If such aid is given, however, the victim has a right to expect that it will be given according to reasonable standards.

Rozovsky's conclusion: "A search for laws to discourage patients from suing or to force doctors and others to act in the way they should will fail. If there is a solution, it does not lie within the law. It rests with standards of health care and improved human relationships among all parties in the health-care system, providers and patients."

— Harry Flemming



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Movies

The "King of the B's" comes up with a winner

It's called The Big Red One, and it's all about war, the brave, and the not-so-brave

By Martin Knelman

If you go exclusively to serious movies with cultural aspirations, or big-budget Hollywood productions, you may never have seen any of Samuel Fuller's 20-odd movies. They were almost all low-budget action pictures, often in black and white, usually made without major stars: *I Shot Jesse James*, *Pickup on South Street*, *Hell and High Water*, *House of Bamboo*, *Underworld U.S.A.* and so on. But the French *auteur* critics are fond of calling Fuller a punk poet, Martin Scorsese says he grew up on Fuller's early movies, and Steven Spielberg salutes him as "one of the last surviving artists of the high-adventure genre" and a master of "macho popcorn." In 1958, Jean-Luc Godard saw *Forty Guns*,

ridor—a pulpy exposé of life inside a mental hospital that flopped commercially in 1963 (though it later became something of a cult favorite in Europe). Now, at age 68, Sam Fuller is back with the movie he has dreamed of making for at least 25 years. It's his vision of the Second World War.

I tracked him to his rambling bungalow on the edge of a Hollywood cliff. His wife, actress Christa Lang, and their daughter Samantha, 5, were away in Europe. Fuller's office, a converted garage, looked like a disaster zone, with a trail of notes in red crayon ("get cat litter" and "fix lite bulb") winding its way through piles of film, tapes, esoteric magazines, discarded typewriters and an overwhelming number of books, mostly rare ones. Notes on future projects hung on clotheslines over his desk. And there in the midst of it all was a short, tanned, smiling white-haired man, talking at a rapid-fire clip in an engaging low growl, revelling in his last hurrah.

The yarns spill out of his mouth in an incessant rasp. He orchestrates them, choreographs them, cuts out the scenes, barks out the dialogue, waves his cigar to indicate where players should move. Fuller belongs to the world of speakeasies and tabloid journalism. He is totally possessed by movie madness and that's the source of his instant charm. "Did you see the picture?" he inquires by way of a greeting. "Did it bore you to death?"

He was born in Worcester, Mass., in 1912, moved to New York at age 11, became a copy boy for Hearst editor Arthur Brisbane at the New York *Journal* while still in short pants. He rode around with Brisbane in an old Lincoln while the great man read proof, and as Fuller recalls, "Most of the men in the city room would have given their right ball to sit in that car with him."

At 17, Fuller went to the lurid New York *Evening Graphic* to become a crime reporter, moved across the country covering sensational police cases, landed at the San Diego *Sun*. He wrote pulp novels with titles like *Burn, Baby, Burn* and *Test Tube Baby*, got

into movies as a ghostwriter for established screenwriters. As a corporal in the infantry division known as "the big red one," he fought in Africa and Europe, won the Bronze Star in Sicily, the Silver Star in Normandy. In post-war Hollywood, he made his debut as a writer-director with *I Shot Jesse James*, made in 10 days on a budget of \$110,000.

When he started *The Big Red One*, he collected all his old notes from the war and created composite characters and situations. "I was sick of all the books I'd read on the war," he told me. "Invariably they build up a sympathetic character and then kill him. That makes drama—pictures of his sweetheart, pictures of his dog. I've always wanted to do a picture where the leads *live*. At the end they just go right on, they go home."

In 1957, John Wayne phoned Fuller and said, "I understand you're playing around with the idea of doing the story of the First Division." Fuller confirmed it. Wayne announced: "I'm in it—because it's such a hot outfit." The Duke took Fuller to lunch with Jack Warner, but the picture didn't get made. Fuller made other movies, then stopped. He went to Europe for a time. (In Godard's film *Pierrot le Fou*, Fuller plays himself and says to Jean-Paul Belmondo: "Film is a battleground—love, hate, action, death. In a word, emotion.")

He came back. A man from Bantam Books said, "Don't make the movie. Write the book first." Years passed. Fuller neither made the movie, nor wrote the book. Then, three years ago, Peter Bogdanovich told Fuller he wanted to make the movie, and Fuller went to work. He wrote the book and script but, while studio executives played musical chairs, the project passed from hand to hand. Finally the filming began in Israel in June, 1978, in the midst of terrorist bombings and the worst heat wave in Israel's history. Later, there was painful surgery. Four hours were cut to two, a voice-over narration was added, Fuller's own wife wound up on the cutting-room floor. But now all that has passed and Fuller's elated. He waited a long time, but he did it his way. He got a hero's welcome at the Cannes Festival. The king is ready to resume his throne.

To describe *The Big Red One* as a war movie is to sell it short. On some level, it is a throwback to *Stalag 17*, and all those John Wayne or Audie Murphy sagas that we endured in the 1940s and 1950s. This time around it's Lee Marvin as the tough son-of-a-



Hamill, Carradine, Di Cicco and Ward

and observed: "Each scene, shot of this savage and brutal western, shot in black and white Cinemascope in under 10 days, is so rich in invention—despite an incomprehensible plot—and so bursting with daring conceptions that it reminds one of the extravagances of Abel Gance and Stroheim, or purely and simply of Murnau."

In Hollywood, they call Fuller "the King of the B's" (a title he loathes), but for the past 15 years the king has been living in forced abdication. Before *The Big Red One*, which is just now going into North American release, he had become a shadow figure. His last film of any consequence was *Shock Cor-*

bitch sergeant who takes a batch of fresh-faced "dogface soldiers," and makes them shape up. The title refers to the First Division, known for its red shoulder patch, and the movie tells the story of the first squad, first platoon, I company, 16th infantry battalion of the First Division.

These are the Four Horsemen of the Sergeant's squad: Kelly Ward as Johnson, a former pig farmer; Mark Hamill (of *Star Wars* fame) as Griff, the sensitive one who has trouble killing people; Bobby Di Cicco as Vinci, the saxophone-playing Italian street kid; and Robert Carradine (brother of Keith and David) as Zab, an aspiring pulp novelist fondly known as the Hemingway of the Bronx. The action moves from Tunisia to Sicily to Czechoslovakia to Normandy (most of it was shot in Israel) and the structure is conventionally anecdotal, so the movie has the feel of a genre piece. Yet Fuller's view of war isn't quite like anybody else's, and *The Big Red One* has an arresting freshness that sneaks up on you as the movie goes along.

Fuller is true to his own smartened-up, street-gang vision of the world, and the romantic attitudes of his men-without-women seem so far in the past that the film becomes a period piece. Fuller spells out his attitude—that the only glory in war is surviving it—as if he considered himself a grandstanding cynic, but what comes through is a romantic code that seems almost courtly.

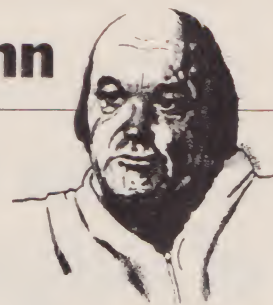
The Big Red One also has the special zap of Fuller's grim, eccentric wit. When one of his boys in combat cries out at the sight of a piece of his own flesh flying past, Lee Marvin calmly remarks, "It's only one of your balls—that's why they gave you two." That's taking hard-boiled to its absurd outer limits.

As my interview ended, Fuller jumped up and said, "I'll tell you a funny story. I just thought of it." A look of dismay came over his face. "I should have put it in the book." The story was about a famous left-wing playwright who came to see Fuller's paintings and rare books, and asked the price of everything. Fuller was disgusted. "It's like going to the Vatican and saying 'How much is that worth?' It's an insult. They'd throw you out on your ass." He told the famous playwright: "You're lucky I'm a nice man. One day you'll meet an evil man, and if he gets the idea you are a vulture, he'll kill you."

I got up to go. "Damn it," Sam Fuller said, shaking his head, "I should have put the story in the goddam book." He handed me a copy of the book, and inscribed it with a flourish, "For Martin—Survive this!" ☒

Dalton Camp's column

Ahh! Now that was a train



The other evening, on an ATV newscast, there was an item out of Saint John about a two-horse carriage which was available for hauling tourists about the city. That did not interest me so much as the comment on it made on camera by an elderly man who said it reminded him of the good old days, so much so that it made him want to cry.

Nostalgia, as anyone over 40 already knows, is potent stuff. Unlike the gent who came down with nostalgia at the sight of a horse, I get mine from things that have largely vanished from the earth.

I can become nostalgic at the sight of a hole in the ground, or an abandoned rail line, or a drive-in theatre that replaced a pine grove in whose shade a friend and I once sheltered to drink Bass's Ale while hitch-hiking from Halifax to Fredericton. It is not the rate of change I find disquieting, nor is it that I do not enjoy the present. It is only that so much of my own past has been obliterated.

The federal government recently proclaimed the covered bridge at Hartland—the longest covered bridge in the world, it says here—as a permanent historic site. This must be gratifying to all those nostalgic admirers of New Brunswick's covered bridges, of whom I am not one. Frankly, back in the days when they were the only means of crossing a river, I found them scary. They rattled and shook, and while it was fashionable to hold one's breath while crossing and thus be able to make a wish on the other side, I held mine out of an irrepressible anxiety.

Of course, I would miss covered bridges if there weren't any left, just so long as it is not obligatory to use them. Even so, they were not any more unnerving than many of the *uncovered* bridges in Nova Scotia which were built at right angles to the highway.

Returning to the concerns of the federal government for preserving some of our past in its natural state, I would have been happier if it had preserved a few more trains. Many people have forgotten, or never knew, how multi-functional trains once were. Apart from taking you places, in comfort and even style, they also brought the circus to town. And you could set your watch

by them.

The train I used to leave on to return to school in September no longer runs. It used to run from Woodstock to McAdam where, between trains, I would look forward to dining in the restaurant of the CP hotel. The restaurant—with its polished dark oak beams and trim, the gleaming white tablecloths, shining silver, and the waiters in starched, spotless white jackets—is no more. Neither is the marvellous old hotel.

Having taken sustenance at McAdam, I would then take the Montreal train for Saint John, board the boat for Digby and go to bed in a comfortable stateroom. In Digby, next day, I would travel on the Dominion Atlantic Railway to Wolfville, passing much of the time in the dining car which provided an epicurean feast of fresh halibut, followed by a splendid apple pie—with cheddar alongside. I went to Wolfville to attend Horton Academy, nicely tucked into the sequestered ambience of Acadia University. Horton Academy is no longer extant, the casualty of the demands of higher education which converts universities into bounty hunters in quest of government subsidy. In times of such economic imperatives, there is no space for small boarding schools on campus.

What I enjoyed most about Horton was playing rugger, which is a game for thugs played by gentlemen. A number of the players had never held a football in their hands until they came to Horton, but the spectators could never tell because everyone played with great enthusiasm and verve.

The most fun was in going to Halifax for a rugger or basketball game. Sometimes we stayed overnight at the Halifax Hotel and, after the game, we repaired to the Lord Nelson coffee shop to scout for girls. The Halifax Hotel has long since disappeared—in fact, it burned down only a day and a night after my last stay there. The Lord Nelson coffee shop is now a drugstore: I wonder whatever became of the emblematic coats of arms that used to line the walls. See what I mean about the Saint John man's nostalgia and mine? After all, there are still plenty of horses around. But you can't have dinner on the DAR anymore.

Expatriates

Lobster King of Calgary

Every Tuesday and Friday, Blaise Boyd, 25, goes out to the Calgary airport to pick up shellfish. Once an Antigonish fisherman, he's now a fish merchant in the steak capital of Canada. Most of his customers are Maritimers and Newfoundlanders who moved west years ago. But freight rates make fresh seafood a luxury that, in Calgary, only well-heeled, well-established easterners can afford. At \$8.29 a pound, shrimp is not a hot seller even among the most homesick of Maritime newcomers. Every pound of live lobster costs Boyd an extra 78 cents in freight. In Calgary, lobster sells for anywhere from \$6 to \$8 a pound.

A fourth generation fisherman from St. George's Bay, N.S., Boyd had a dream when he and his wife Linda moved to Calgary in 1976. After four

years of working 12 hours a day, seven days a week, the dream is still intact. It's to make enough money to return home and pay cash for both a house and a fishing boat: "I think I can do it in another two or three years, maybe even a year and a half. If I keep working. I've a piece of land waiting."

He just might do it. He started with a one-room shanty on Calgary's 14th Street. Now, there are two Boyd's Lobster Shops, and during 1980, sales should hit \$650,000. The newer store, on the MacLeod Trail, is big and prosperous looking. A friend from Prince Edward Island helped him decorate the tanks for live lobster. An old fishing net, a rubber boot and Boyd's father's sou'wester hang on the wall. Boyd's father also made the lobster traps in the shop. Boyd chats pleasantly with his Alberta-born customers, gives them handouts on "How to Boil a Maritime Lobster."

He left fishing and Nova Scotia because "I just got tired of paying last year's bills with this year's fish. Friends who had gone west and come back told me about the atrocious prices

they were getting for fish out there and I thought to myself, 'We're sure not seeing any of that money here.' " He sold his boat and his gear and, with \$30,000, headed west. He was 21.

"Stick to it and don't give up," his father said. He needed that advice. The first year, business was slow, and a flirtation with radio and TV advertising almost finished it. Moreover, Boyd has recently seen two other fish businesses, started by Maritimers, rise and then collapse. The profit on lobster is a dollar a pound but flying them west is tricky. Last fall, DLOAs (that's Dead Lobster on Arrival) and soft shell cost Boyd \$3,000.

The keys to his success are simply hard work and the urge to fish again. Boyd regularly reads the *Antigonish Casket* and gets home once a year. He yearns for two things Calgary can't provide: Fishing and salt-water swimming. He prefers Calgary to Montreal, Toronto and Hamilton, but says he's really "not much of a city person." He says, "It's probably no more expensive to live here than in Halifax...but if I was home, I could cut corners by having my own garden and raising a cow."

—Jennifer Henderson



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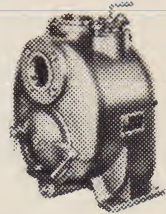
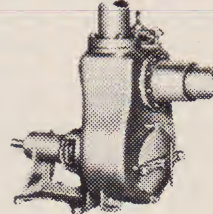
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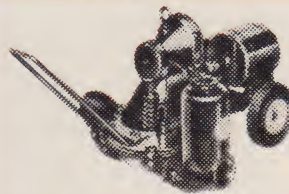
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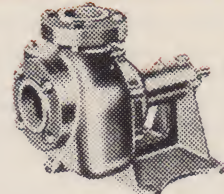
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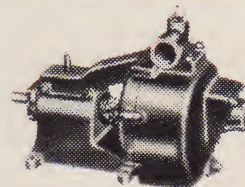
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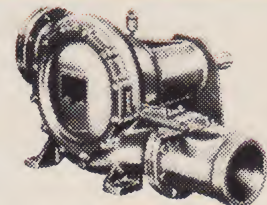
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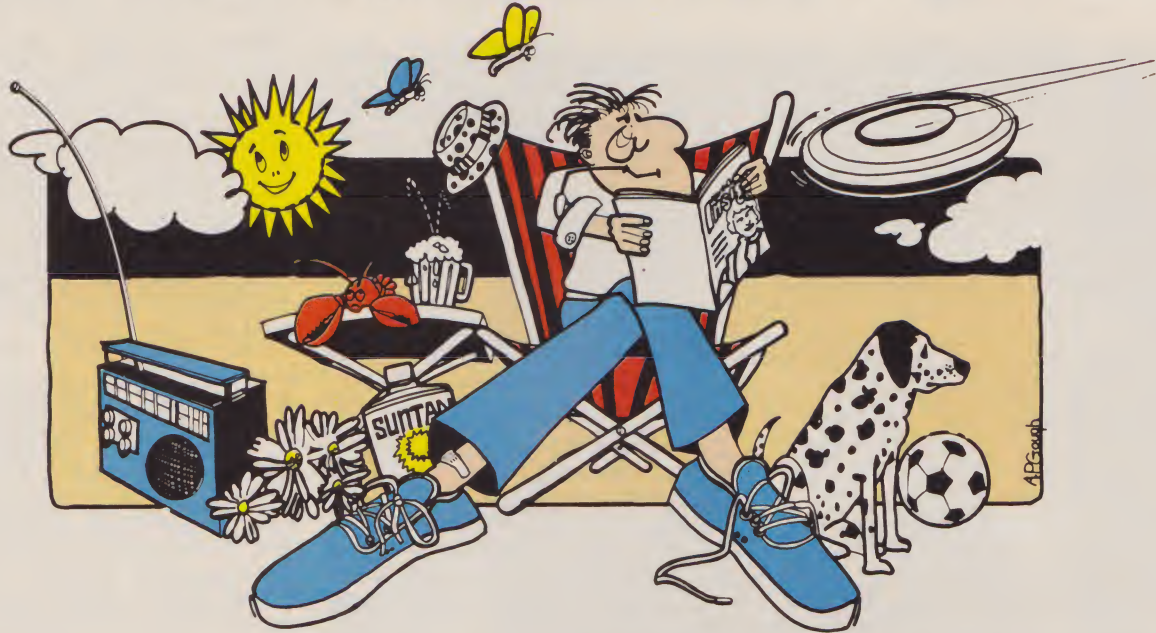


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Hanging Out

The Crow's Nest is like drinking at a museum

And a rather exclusive little museum it is, too. It may just be the best men's club in St. John's

One of the only things about the Crow's Nest Officers' Club which lives up to an outsider's expectations is its name. It's high up and hard to get to. At the war memorial in St. John's, look east and find the iron gate between two buildings and the steep, narrow steps with the fine brass plaque on the door at the top. Inside the door are more steps (they seem steeper and narrower without daylight) and, finally, on the fourth floor, with a beeline view out St. John's harbor to the sea is the Crow's Nest. That's not meant as a tourist guide. Guests, however welcome, are *most* welcome when escorted. After all, this is a club and the brass plaque on the landing says "members only." But don't hunt for an escort at the nearest Canadian Forces base. The Crow's Nest is really an ex-officers' club.

"It's more a museum than a club," president David Perry says. An exclusive museum, then, filled with navy *memorabilia* where 200 men (women are tolerated but not invited to join) who have nothing more in common than ranking military service get together to drink, eat, talk and enjoy the view. They don't reminisce about the

war much. Perry, a Scot, runs his own catering business in St. John's. He was an officer in the merchant navy but, like many of today's members, was too young for the war. Even older members, closer to the club's founding as a wartime attic retreat for Allied naval officers, don't volunteer much about those times. Ted Godden, for instance, smokes Camels because he's a persistent anti-Confederate and, when asked, will say he was RAF. Perry says, "We're not ducking shells here. No one here has to prove anything to anyone."

During the war was another matter. Then the place sparkled with officer's dress, strictly seagoing officers, and with tales of the anti-submarine effort. Stephen Leacock called it "the place where the inside stories come out" because "the member might not pass this way again." Colonel Leonard Outerbridge (later the second lieutenant-governor of Newfoundland) got the club off the ground by providing the upper warehouse space. The cold January night it opened, the story goes, the bar was just a couple of boards slung across two nail barrels and the officers shivered in their overcoats. But by the time the Canadians and Americans began to pull out of Newfoundland three years later, the Crow's Nest was world-famous. Current nester H.H. (Dick) Winter, president of one of Newfoundland's oldest companies, reports finding a bar in Maui called the Crow's Nest. The proprietor had been up the steps during the war and brought the name back with him.

The Crow's Nest almost didn't survive the war. With the Allied officers gone, it closed in 1945 and the Canadian Naval Officers' Association took its vast collection of wartime nos-

talgia—ship's bells, hawsers, photographs and enough hand-painted ship's plaques to fill the room—to MacGregor House in Montreal. But returning Newfoundland officers wouldn't stand for the export of such national treasures. "We seconded them back," laughs Godden, and a stubborn crew reopened the Crow's Nest in the same spot in July, 1946. This time they realized the navy alone couldn't support the business, non-profit or not, and opened membership to all officers of all services of any country. There weren't a lot of other rules to change, since there had never been many rules. "Proper dress" after 7 p.m. is still required and "self-imposed rules of gentlemanly conduct are implied but unstated," says Perry.

The club's prize artifact is the periscope from a German submarine which surrendered to HMCS *Victoria* at Bay Bulls on VE-Day. The Royal Canadian Navy scuttled the sub, but kept the periscope at the Halifax dockyard until returning it to Newfoundland in 1963. The Crow's Nest accepted it happily and lowered it through the roof to its place at the end of the bar where ex-officers can keep a 360 degree watch on harbor traffic and snoopy tourists. Behind the periscope looms a record caribou trophy.

"That belongs to Sir Leonard," Godden says, but Perry lifts his eyebrows, grins and says, "That is shrouded in mystery." Distinguished guests and honorary members, suitably photographed for the walls, include Field Marshal Alexander (who was later the last British governor-general of Canada) and the Duke of Edinburgh (Philip continues to receive invitations to all special occasions but has yet to return). There's also a small, informal portrait of Churchill near the bar, but it's unclear whether he ever made it up the steps.

If the Crow's Nest survives as a kind of living museum, it's because of a quiet, undogmatic respect for tradition. The members don't go there to honor tradition, the kind that draws people to a meeting of the Monarchist League. They go there to drink and relax. Longtime St. John's newspaperman Wick Collins (he joined the original Crow's Nest when he was in the Royal Artillery) says "It's a very good private club." Emphasize private. "Whatever happens here stays here," Collins adds. "I've been coming here 35 years and I never took a story out, not even a tip-off."

— Amy Zierler



President Perry: Dress properly, please

Dining Out

York's: A good way to get stuffed

It's on the Saint John River. It's had fine country cooking for 50 years, and a lady named Daphan St. Thomas for 43. She loves to see you eat, and eat. And eat

In an age of thin-is-beautiful, York's Dining Room, Perth-Andover, N.B., cheerfully defies fashion, remains a trencherman's heaven. It's been like that for 50 years. York's has no written menus. Waitresses just spiel off a list of main dishes (prices range from \$11 to \$12.95) but they also encourage you to try side orders of goodies you haven't chosen. Along with the lobster you've ordered, you might get a spot of king crab, scallops, smoked pork chops, etc. At no extra charge. No matter how stuffed you may be, it's hard to reject these offerings. If you try, the waitresses look so crestfallen. Even after you've demolished home-made soup, several kinds of bread, golden corn fritters in local maple syrup, flaky pastries or berry-laden shortcake, even as you waddle to the door, Daphan St. Thomas may come after you with one more hot, buttered tea biscuit.

"She is York's," Daphan's husband Hubert says. "When Daphan leaves the dining room, the spark leaves with her." An entry in their guest book says, "We've been coming here for 50 years, and remember when Daphan was learning to wait on tables. It's better than ever."

When Daphan's mentor, Stella York, opened the restaurant in 1930, Daphan was still a girl caring for her mother, an invalid, in nearby Tilley. In '37, after her mother's death, Daphan came to work as the only waitress at York's. From then on, Daphan and York's were as inseparable as ham and eggs, or strawberries and cream.

She and Hubert took the place over a mere 34 years ago, on a weekend they'll never forget. Catering to a bunch of banquets and hordes of regular customers, Daphan worked as hostess, cashier and waitress. Late that Sunday night, a thief made off with the entire weekend's receipts. Daphan sat down and cried. She wept, too, on the night Hubert arrived in Canada after more than five years overseas during the Second World War. The dining room was so busy she couldn't get away to meet him in Quebec City for his first night home.

Such experiences might discourage any couple from spending their lives in the restaurant business, but though



Daphan and York's are "as inseparable as ham and eggs"

Hubert has sometimes wished he'd followed the radar career for which he trained, Daphan has never faltered in her all-out dedication to York's. In a restaurant that Hubert enlarged, with a kitchen that Hubert, Jr., designed and extended, Daphan still goes to work every day of the six months (May to October) that the dining room's open. (Once, back in 1939, she did take an afternoon off, but that was to see King George VI and Queen Elizabeth in Fredericton.)

Daphan and Hubert have carefully preserved the atmosphere of the original York's. That's why it pleases the honeymooners of 35 or 40 years ago to return. It's a throwback to the days when country restaurants served gigantic quantities of good home cooking. York's still offers a fine meal (but no liquor) for a price that won't demolish a week's grocery budget. In what Hubert considers an excess of beautification zeal, the New Brunswick government pulled down the restaurant's highway signs; but customers

still find their way to this unpretentious roadside diner on the banks of the Saint John River in Victoria County. It hasn't hurt, of course, that York's has earned public praise from the likes of John ("Mr. Canada") Fisher, syndicated Ottawa columnist Charles Lynch, and poet-novelist-journalist Alden Nowlan.

Though the restaurant's advertising is mostly by word of mouth, New Brunswickers visiting Europe sometimes run into foreigners who've eaten there and never forgotten it. The guest book reveals that a typical day brings customers from Vancouver, Dublin, Prince Albert, Bermuda, Puerto Rico, Los Angeles, Dallas, London, Tampa, etc. Many of the diners state they've been coming back to York's for years, and one boasted, "I was in the dining room when the man ate 22 corn fritters." But Daphan's favorite guest book comment came from a man who knew his food but not his geography. He wrote, "Best food in Maine."

— Colleen Thompson

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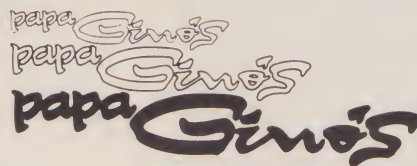
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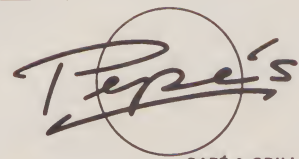


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Forget the flag. Let's dump that sucky flower

*Hail to thee, brave partridgeberry
Chock-a-block with healthful juice.
Cheek so ruddy and so very
Good for jam or tart or mousse.*

There are 16 more stanzas, all my own work, in this "Ode to the Partridgeberry" which I composed eight years ago to accompany my design for a new Newfoundland flag. This package was offered free gratis to my fellow countrymen in much the same spirit in which Lord Nelson designated his daughter, Horatia, to be "a legacy to the Nation."

Christopher Pratt can tell you, now, that the volatile Newfoundland public shows precious little mercy, let alone gratitude, toward us well-meaning artists who give of our time and talents for the good of the whole.

Opinion on Pratt's flag is still sharply divided. There are those who don't like it and who've soared past even the glorious heights of scurrility and vituperation long established in Newfoundland. On the other hand, there are moderates who haven't found it necessary, in describing the thing, to go beyond words found in the Bible and on back alley fences.

My own partridgeberry flag got much the same reception. It was an elegantly simple design showing a life-sized partridgeberry in the middle of a plain white ground. Its main advantage would have been in time of war. By the time the enemy got close enough to spot the berry in the centre and realize it was not a flag of surrender they would have been close enough for our own brave lads to give them both barrels right through their heathenish brisks. *Terra Nova Uber Alles!*

There arose a shrill and ignorant quibble. Did not Japan already have a red circle in the middle of a white ground? I tried in vain to point out that there was a large difference between that enormous flaming heavenly body on the Japanese flag and a tiny rubicund spheroid you can easily hold between thumb and forefinger. It pains me to say it but while there has been some advancement in the general level of education in Newfoundland, we still have a mighty long row to hoe.

Of course, we have lots of flags

already. That's not the problem. The difficulty is in getting all hands to salute the same one. Some vow never to let the Union Jack fall; others pledge allegiance to the Pink, White and Green; a large minority cleaves to the Red Ensign; some have even embraced the Maple Leaf; and a surprising number are ready to lay down their lives for Elmer, the Safety Elephant.

We've got no shortage of symbols. The coat of arms, for instance, dates from the mid-1500s. It is still generally loathed, which cuts the feet out from under those few who say time will mellow attitudes toward the latest flag. The coat of arms has a shield in the centre with lions and unicorns on it, flanked by "two savages of the clime attired as when they go to war." In other words, Beothuks. Might as well be two bashed baby seals dressed up as kewpie dolls. We current savages of the clime tend to cringe whenever visitors spot the device in an airport or Holiday Inn lobby and ask where they can Kodak some of these aboriginals. They were exterminated 150 years ago.

Surmounting the two defunct savages is something called an "elke." There were no such creatures in Newfoundland even in 1500. Nor can it be a moose since the first three pairs didn't arrive on the Island, prepaid from New Brunswick, until 1904. But the biggest hitch with the coat of arms is the motto, "Seek Ye First the Kingdom of God." It's seen as a form of brainwashing that began 400 years ago. We've been too busy ever since peering into the fog in search of the Sweet By and By to notice that our temporal premises were constantly being looted under our very noses.

The official badge of Newfoundland, circa 1925, is not much more successful. Its inscription is "These Gifts We Bring You." It shows a Newfoundland fisherman down on his knees with a pair of dirty great bare feet sticking out behind. He's being presented by Mercury, god of the sea, to Britannia, bagman of the bleeding Brits. It's not a thing you see framed on many kitchen walls in parts of the Happy Province where regular attendance at mass is still the ticket.

Even our official flower lays us

wide open. It's a pitcher plant. If you know of any other state with a carnivorous plant for a symbol, please drop me a line. As oil envy peaks, we'll step off the plane at Toronto airport to chants of "you're ugly, ugly, ugly, your mother dresses you funny...and your official flower sucks flies." I, for one, am not prepared to put up with the likes of that. What I'll do about it I do not choose, for tactical reasons, to disclose. But I will let you know that if you happen to be in Newfoundland and make cracks about the Newfoundland flag, partridgeberry juice applied to both eyes is a sure and certain cure.

Update

It's not often that a person nearly drowns while taking a financial bath. But Chris Guiry (Folks, May)—one of six Saint John, N.B.-area investors who put up \$500,000 to outfit a 78-year-old, Danish-built, wooden schooner to carry freight—plunged 100 feet into the Gulf of Mexico when the *Artemis* sank after being battered by two storms. "I thought I'd had it," Guiry says. (He's 35, a father of two.) With seven crew members, he waited nine hours to be picked up. The crew included Fred Hackett of Fredericton, Jill Manderson of Miscouche, P.E.I., and Rick Hall of Grand Bay, a Saint John suburb where the English-born Guiry lives.

Guiry believes sailing ships can haul freight more cheaply than oil-burning ships under certain circumstances. "The route is important and you have to have a valuable cargo, like stoves worth \$700 apiece." Guiry had 1,000 wood stoves waiting in Norfolk, Va., for shipment to England when the schooner set out from Mobile, Ala., on her maiden voyage as a freighter equipped with electronic navigational aids. Prior to her reincarnation, the *Artemis* was a floating museum. The ship was only partly insured. Will Guiry, a control-room operator at the Point Lepreau nuclear station, try again? Perhaps. "I have a lot of personal considerations to deal with. I have to find new investors. I'm looking at a new ship next month."

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